A Perspective On Life

A. Page

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Forward

This is the first book I have written or compiled. The works here have been written since I began my Latin Learning, some have been edited for this publication. The poems are my best attempt with my knowledge of bilingual poetry, most were written in English first and translated after, others were a dual attempt and, some Latin then English.

This was put together as a learning exercise. It felt wrong to hoard this bank of vocabulary that I have amazed myself to amass while writing these hundred poems.

I thank Tim, a good brother and a better friend as my Editor, for this work.

Poems with [ALT] next to the title were planned to have backups in case the publishers didn’t let me translate lyrics. But they have (YAY) Edition 2 perks.

If the poem has a dash (-) then it's crediting the name on the right of the dash. These are songs I've translated.

Please enjoy the works contained within. :)

I dedicate this book to My Family for being there for me,

& Hans Ørberg for writing Lingua Latina, Per Se Illustrata

Any inquires reach out to

A.Page-Books@outlook.com

If it is time you lack,

pick 75 it’ll hit the sack.

LXXV

Poems

[This Page Was Left Intentionally Inked So That You Can Read It]

[Like All The others In This Book]

I

Roof Birds, Aves Altas

On the tiles the birds have made their home,

In tegulis aves posuere sedes,

And in the distance a tall tower looms.

Et celsa turris procul spectat eas.

Their feathers flutter in the gentle breeze,

Pennae eorum moventur levi vento,

And their singing is delightful.

Et cantus eorum iucundus est.

II

Stargazing, Caelum Contemplari

From atop the tower high and bold, I raise my eyes and sights behold.

In turri alta, oculos levavi, ad caelum nocturnum spectavi.

The stars above in wondrous light, Encircling all the ethereal night.

Ibi stellae clarissimae fulgeant, et omnes in aethere splendidum cingunt.

The astrologers can foretell, Divine omens from the stars that dwell.

Astrologi, cum sidera inspiciunt, divina signa invenire possunt.

But I have no need for such insight, Gazing at stars brings me delight.

Ego tamen non opus habeo, solum stellas aspiciendo laetor.

The power held by these glowing gems, Is beyond what mortals can comprehend.

Vix credere possunt homines terreni, quanta vis est in illis astris lucidissimis.

So let us journey through the night, And gaze upon the lofty height.

Sunt ergo peregrinationes nocturnae si spectemus a terris illas celsitudines.

III

Night Journey, Nocturnum Iter

We often travel alone at night, Taking turns keeping watch. This path is beautiful in summer, When the moon shines its light.

Solemus soli esse noctu In vicem vigilantium. Aestate haec via pulchra est, Cum luna lunae lumen praebet.

We glide into the darkness, Riding silently through the night. Under the starry and celestial sky, Our journey flows in eternal silence.

In terram obscuram subinde prolabimur, Per noctem silentem currimus. Sub caelum stellatum et sidereum In silentio aeterno fluit iter.

When the silence of the iron reigns, And only the splendor of the moon and stars Illuminates our faces, This journey is a great joy.

Cum taciturnitas ferri regnat Et solus lunae et siderum splendor Illustrat faciem nostra, Hoc iter est magnum gaudium.

Amidst small and rare places, Through the whims of the night, We three friends have each other, And the white lights of the tracks follow us.

Inter loca parva et rara Per ludibria noctis Tres nos amici habemus, Et lumina alba ferri nos sequuntur.

We are like the journey itself, Eternal stars and constellations, Always in motion and in silence, Until the end of eternity.

Ipsa iter nos simile sumus, Stellis sideribusque aeternis, Semper in motu et in silentio Usque ad finem aeternitatis.

IV

The Last Ride, Ultimus Cursus

In the darkness of night, I am alone,

Tenebras noctis solus curo, mecum sola,

With only my thoughts and the train's groan.

in vehiculo duro.

This is the last journey to the destination, Empty carriages, silence, and isolation.

Ultimum est currere ad destinationem, carra vacua, silentia et pristinem.

The machine moves with a sound so loud, And the lights are turned on for the crowd.

Movetur machina non sine sono, et lumen accenditur pro tempore.

I arrive alone, the last passenger, Happy and sad, anxious and eager.

Sola huc advenio, ultimus passeggerus, laetus atque tristis, solum et anxius.

I am alone in the empty carriage, But this silence creates a peaceful image.

Solus sum in carro, vacuo et vacans, sed haec meus silentia bonum creat.

In praise of solitude, I do not despair, Traveling here, a pilgrim in prayer.

In laude solitudinis, haud desperans, huc properans, peregrinus tardans.

The lamps along the tracks burn bright, Then fade away.

Lampades in via castra ardentes fiunt, quae per vices evanescunt in obscurium.

The moon and stars provide me light, Surrounded by darkness, stillness of the night.

Lunae et stellarum lumina mihi praesto sunt, circum eum oscurum caelum plenumque silentium.

V

The Fisherman’s Catch, Piscatoris Captura,

Under the sun's warm and gentle breeze, To the sacred riverbank we all proceed.

Sole ridentes et aurae tepentes ad ripam silvae sacrae curremus.

The serene water glistens in the calm sea, Not far from the shore, where the fish are free.

Aqua serena placidum mare spectat, haud longe a litore, ubi pisces nectat.

My hook is dangling in the river's flow, And I am consumed by this fishing glow. I often catch trout or salmon for dinner, Or other fish that I fancy and consider.

Currebat in flumine hamus meus, et ego suspendebam illi meum animus. Saepe capiebam trutam aut salmonem, vel alium piscem, qui mihi placet.

Suddenly, I feel a tug on my line, And now the battle begins to be mine. I know what's on the end of my hook, Glittering in the water, my catch I took.

Subito sentio trahere hamo piscem, et nunc incipit victoria meus. Certo iam scio quid habeat, coruscans, praedam nunc capio, laetus et victor.

VI

Summertime Heat, Aestas Calidissima

Oh, fortunate are those who often find Coolness and comfort by a stream's kind.

O fortunati, qui ad fontem aquae serenae saepe venitis ad refrigerium et solatium.

For we are trapped within our fiery home, Burning in heat, forgetful of our freedom.

Nam nos in domo, quasi est furnace ardentis, ardemus caloribus, immemores libertatis.

The clouds are hunted and the breezes thin, But they bring us no relief from within.

Venentur nubes aurasque tenuissimas, nihil frigoris nobis praebeant fortassis.

We all ignite within the walls we share, Sweating profusely, our skin and hair.

Unde accenduntur omnes, qui in domo sunt, nosque coniuges sudore madent.

The wind is broken, no birds fly overhead, No snow or ice, nor cold water to be led.

Ventus fractus sit, sed neque ales volitat, neque nix invenitur, vel forte aqua gelida.

In this time, nothing grows or flowers bloom, But restless heat, that brings us doom.

Hoc tempore, nihil virescet aut florabit, nisi solo ardore aestatis inquietabit.

We lay upon the bed, my partner and I, In need of water and a feeble fan's supply.

Nos prostrati in lecto, et ego et coniux meus, indigetis aquis et flabris inbecillis.

Now scantily clad and exhausted from the heat, Drenched in sweat, both our bodies beat.

Nunc tunicis parcis ac ligonibus lassis, per sudorem utrimque nostro prolibatis.

VII

Night Swim, Nocturna Natatio

Swimming through the caves,

Navigamus per antra,

With a friend, exploring,

Amici cum scrutamur,

The underwater world,

Submundo mirabilis,

Where fish swim gracefully,

Piscibus volitantibus,

The light above us shifts,

Lux supra nos vertitur,

As we move through the depths,

Dum profundum transeamus,

Shafts of light dance and play,

Radii lucis saltant,

The caves are dark and deep,

Cavas umbrosasque,

But the beauty we behold,

Pulchritudinem quae videmus,

Makes the journey worth the risk,

Itineris pretium redolent,

We swim together, side by side,

Coniuncti nando simul,

And marvel at the sight,

Mirantes visum,

Of creatures great and small,

Magnitudine parvitatemque,

Swimming through the caves,

Navigamus per antra,

With a friend, in wonder,

Amici cum admiratione,

We are at one with nature.

Cum natura unum sumus.

VIII

To The Music, Ad Musica

We unwind in the bedroom Two souls at peace, alone,

Relaxamus in cubiculo Duae animae in pace, solae,

The music soothes us both,

Musica nos utrosque lenit,

As we lay on the bed, lost,

Dum in lecto iacemus, amisso,

Smoke fills the air around,

Fumus circumdat aera,

As we take long drags in sync.

Dum syncopatos trahimus hiatus.

The room is warm and cozy,

Camera tepida et accogliente,

And we are lost in thought,

Et cogitationibus suis dediti sumus,

With each note and each puff,

Cum nota et fumo,

We drift into another world.

Alius mundo dediti defluimus.

The music takes us higher,

Musica nos ad altiora ducit,

And we float on waves of sound,

Et soni fluctibus fluitamus,

In this moment, we are free,

In hoc momento, liberi sumus,

Bound by nothing but the music,

Nulla nisi musica nos constringit,

We unwind in the bedroom two souls at peace, together.

Relaxamus in cubiculo duae animae in pace, simul.

IX

Sword and Women, Gladius et Mulieres

Standing in the queen's court,

In reginae aula stantem,

As a swordsman bold and true,

Velox et fortis gladiator,

I fight with grace and skill,

Pugno cum gratia et arte,

My blade a dance of steel,

Mensis ferrum saltat,

The ladies watch with wonder,

Mulieres mirantur stupore,

As I spin and twirl and strike,

Dum verto, gyratus, ferio,

My movements swift and deadly,

Motus mei celeres ac letales,

As I seek to impress,

Ut studeam mulieribus placere,

With each thrust and parry,

Cum ictu et repulsa,

I hope to catch their eye,

Spe sustentor ut captivem.

And yet, I am but mortal,

Sed sum mortalitas meus,

My sword arm may grow weary,

Ubi brachium meum lassatur,

But still I fight with passion,

Sed adhuc pugno cum passione,

Hoping to win their hearts,

Ut vincam corda earum.

Standing in the queen's court,

In reginae aula stantem,

As a swordsman bold and true,

Velox et fortis gladiator,

I fight for honor and glory,

Pugno pro honore et gloria,

And for the love of the ladies fair,

Et pro amore mulierum pulchrum.

X

The Crow and I, Corvus et Ego

As I walked down the dusty road,

Dum via pulverulenta ambulabam,

A crow caught my eye, heavy load,

Corvus oculis meis apprehensus, magna sarcina ferebat,

A nut too large for its beak to crack,

Nux nimis magna pro rostro eius, crepitu non patefecit,

It looked at me, and I looked back.

Me intuens, et ego rursus intuebar.

With a tilt of its head, it seemed to say,

Capite inclinato, velut dicens,

" Can you help me, friend, in any way ? "

" Amice, potesne mihi aliquid iuvare ? "

So I took the nut in my hand,

Itaque nucem in manu tuli,

And with a crack, it opened grand.

Et scissione magna, patefecit.

The crow chirped with a joyful sound,

Corvus laetissimo garritu respondit,

And from that moment, we were bound.

Ex quo tempore inseparabiles facti sumus.

The next day, as I walked that way,

Postero die, dum eadem via iter facerem,

The crow was waiting without delay.

Corvus sine mora me exspectabat.

In its beak, a larger nut to share,

Nuce maiore in rostro suo, ut participet.

I smiled, knowing our friendship was rare.

Ego risi, novens amicitiam nostram esse singularem.

For every day since that first meet,

Nam post primam nostri commixtionem,

The crow and I would always greet.

Corvus et ego semper salutabamus.

Together we'd walk that dusty road,

Simul per illam viam pulverulentam ambulabamus,

With stories to share and secrets to unfold.

Narrationes communicabamus, secreta revelabamus.

A friendship born from a simple task,

Amicitia ex opere humilimo orta est,

A crow and I, an unlikely cast.

Corvus et ego, duorum improbabilem castus.

XI

Scarecrow, Effigies Stipulae

I stand in the field day and night,

Sto in agro die ac nocte,

Changing nothing, saying nothing,

Nihil mutans, nil loquens,

But only as a puppet of straw,

Sed tantum sicut stipulae pupa,

I am a Scarecrow.

Effigies stipulae sum.

I watch the crops grow tall,

Videtur messes crescere alta,

And scare away the birds,

Et aves terrere conor,

But what is my purpose ?

Sed quae est meus ratio ?

I have no thoughts or feelings,

Nec cogitationes nec sensus habeo,

No dreams or aspirations,

Nec somnia nec spes,

Just an empty shell,

Solum carmen vacum,

A scarecrow in a field.

Effigies stipulae in agro.

Do I exist for a reason ?

An existimatio mihi tributa est ?

Or am I just a symbol,

Aut solum significatum sum,

Of man's power over nature,

Potentia hominum supra naturam,

A reminder of his control ?

Memorandum dominii sui ?

I stand in the field day and night,

Sto in agro die ac nocte,

Changing nothing, saying nothing,

Nihil mutans, nil loquens,

But only as a puppet of straw,

Sed tantum sicut stipulae pupa,

I am a Scarecrow.

Effigies stipulae sum.

Perhaps I will never know,

Fortasse numquam cognoscam,

The answer to my existence,

Meae existentiae responsio,

But I will continue to stand,

Sed adhuc sto,

A scarecrow in a field.

Effigies stipulae in agro.

XII

Lettuce, Lactucae

The seed is planted in the soil,

Semen in humo ponitur,

And water is given,

Et aqua dabatur,

The sun's light assists,

Solis lux adiuvat,

to create a new life.

Ad creandam vitam novam.

The first sprout of the root,

Germine prima radicis,

The stem growing steadily,

Stemmate subinde crescens,

The lettuce leaves curling,

Folia lactucae curvans,

We tend and care for our plant.

Tendimus ad fructum magnificum.

We took care of it,

Eius curam gessimus,

With patience and with love,

Cum patientia et amore,

Watching as it grows,

Ut videmus crescentem,

From a small seed to a mature plant.

Ex semine parvo in caulem magnum.

The lettuce sways in the breeze,

Lactuca fluctuat in vento,

A dance of green and white,

Saltus viriditatis et candoris,

A symphony of nature,

Simphonia naturae,

In which we play our part.

Qua et nos agimus partem nostram.

As the days pass by,

Dum dies transcurrunt,

Our lettuce reaches for the sky,

Lactuca coelum petit,

A symbol of growth and life,

Symbolus crescentiae et vitae,

Of the miracle of creation.

Miraculum creationis.

XIII

No Ideas, Nullae Ideas

No ideas to write, it is difficult for me now,

Non habere quam scribam, mihi nunc est difficultas,

No new things, no thoughts in my mind's power to bow.

Nullae novae res, nullae cogitationes in mentis potestas.

My pen trembles, this is impotence,

Penna mihi tremuit, haec est impotentia,

Words do not flow, there is no force in this action.

Verba non fluunt, non est effertio haec actio.

But yet, as if I had dreamed a dream, they come,

Sed tamen, velut somnum somniavi, in aevum,

What are these things that suddenly occupy my mind ?

Quae sunt ista repente animum meum occupantia ?

To the eyes of my mind, almost as if from heaven.

Quasi ex caelo, mentis mei aspectibus.

What are these things that suddenly occupy my mind ?

Quae sunt haec, quae mentem subito occupant ?

Do I alone not know what they are, or why they visit me ?

An solus ignoro quid sit, aut cur me visitant ?

While I ponder these things, suddenly the words of my speech,

Dum haec considero, repente verba orationis meus,

Flow out, although before they were almost closed.

Effluunt, quamquam antehac quasi clausae essent.

I can hardly believe it, but it is true, the words flow better,

Vix credo, sed res est vera, verba fluunt melius,

And I can write about the things I saw in the eyes of my mind.

Et scribere possum, de rebus quae mentis oculis vidi.

XIV

Safe When Together, Tutum Inter Nos

In the waves of the sea or in the harsh desert storm,
In fluctus undarum aut in arena saeva tempestate,
We are safe with each other, and we remain faithful,
Tutum nobiscum est, et invicem fideles manemus,
One soul, one love, and one heart.
Una anima, una caritate, et uno corde.

Fortune, whether adverse or prosperous,
Fortuna, sive adversa sive prospera,
Will be with us, because we embrace each other,
Nobiscum erit, quia nos mutuo complectimur,
And mutually assist, with sweet embrace.
Et vicissim adiuvamus, cum amplexu dulci.

As the lightning flashes in the sky, so we,
Sicut fulgur coruscat in caelo, ita nos
Shine in love, and move together in the same course.
Fulgeamus in amore, simulque eodem cursu.

We are safe together, always and forever.

Tutum nobiscum est, semper et in aeternum.

Neither the sea could break us, nor the raging storm,

Nec mare irrumpebat, nec furebat hiems,

But our promise cannot be broken,

Inviolare autem promissum nostrum non potest,

So we remain, embraced together, safe with each other.

Manemus ergo, invicem complexi, tutum nobiscum.

XV

Staring into the Abyss, In Abysso Speculantem

Staring into the abyss, the abyss also looks back at me,

In abysso speculantem, abyssus quoque respicit me,

Horror growing inside me, I receive it with pain,

Horrorem in me crescens, recipio illud cum dolore,

For that abyss is unknown, deep, and vast,

Namque illud abyssum, ignotum est, profundum, immensum,

And likewise I know nothing of what that abyss wants.

Et similiter nihil scio, quid illud abyssum velit.

But yet the abyss, whatever it is, draws me in,

Sed tamen abyssus, quodcumque est, me attrahit,

Always staring towards it, to find what it wants,

Semper versus illam speculantem, ut invenire quid velit,

But I find nothing, except for infinite quiet,

Sed nihil invenio, nisi infinitam quietem,

Along with fear that cannot be escaped.

Simul cum metu qui non effugitur.

The abyss likewise stares, saying nothing,

Abyssus similiter speculatur, nihil dicens,

Only observing, silent, but thinking deeply,

Tantum intuens, mutus, sed graviter cogitans,

Therefore we fall silent, it and I, both staring,

Ergo obmutescimus, illa et ego, simulque spectantes,

At the same immensity, the same depth.

Eandem immensitatem, eandem profunditatem.

Staring into the abyss, the abyss also looks back at me,

In abysso speculantem, abyssus quoque respicit me,

Horror growing inside me, I receive it with pain,

Horrorem in me crescens, recipio illud cum dolore,

But that abyss is unknown, deep, and vast,

Sed illud abyssum, ignotum est, profundum, immensum,

And it draws me, into the deep void.

Et me trahit, in profundum inane.

XVI

See You in My Dreams, Te Videbo in Somnivium Meis

Among friends, we are counted,

Inter amicos noster numeratur,

Joyful day and night we communicate,

Laeti nocte dieque communicamus,

Sweet words, gifts of love,

Verba dulcia, munera caritatis,

Until the night, when sleep overtakes.

Usque ad noctem, cum somnus occupat.

We bid farewell, good night, friend,

Vale dicimus, bonam noctem, amice,

And with trembling fingers, we send a message,

Et digitis trementibus nuntium mittimus,

With heart full of hope, bound by friendship,

Corde pleno spe, amicitiae nexu,

We seek our bed, and surrender to sleep.

Lectulum petimus, et somno nos tradimus.

Then come dreams, images and stories,

Tunc somnia veniunt, imagines et historiae,

That wander with us through the silence,

Quae nobiscum per silentium vagantur,

But among the images, my friend,

Sed inter imagines, amicus meus,

Laughs and talks, happy with me.

Ridet et loquitur, laetus mecum.

Then I awaken, and emerge from sleep,

Tunc illi consurgo, e somno evigilo,

Eyes open, but the spirit remains,

Oculi recluduntur, sed animus remanet,

Here is the bond of friendship, that joins us,

Hic est amicitiae nexus, quae nos iungit,

In sleep, in wakefulness, always one.

In somno, in vigilia, semper una.

XVII

Dreams in Dreams, Somnia in Somniis

My soul rises from the dream,

Ex somnio surgit animus meus,

As it fades away, standing,

Ut stetit, somnium defluens,

But I cannot awaken,

Sed vigilare non possum,

For another sleep holds me.

Quia alius somnus me tenet.

Dream follows dream in the dream,

Somnium in somnio sequitur,

Constant depth of sleep,

Constantem somni profunditatem,

For ages upon ages,

In saecula saeculorum,

One dream into another.

Unum somnium in alium.

But amidst the dreams,

Sed inter somnia,

My mind,

Mens meus,

Can distinguish all things,

Cuncta distinguere potest,

For these dream,

Namque haec somnia,

That follow thus,

Quae sic sequuntur,

Are false, uncertain,

Sunt falsa, incerta,

Lightly swaying.

leviter nutantia.

XVIII

In Towneley Park, In Parco Townlia

Under the clear sky, we play in the park,

Sub caelo sereno, in parco ludimus,

On soft grass, under a leafy tree,

In herbis mollibus, sub arbore frondosa,

Where ducks swim and dive in the pond,

Ubi anates in stagno natant et merguntur,

And the fountain, golden water, is serene.

Et fontana, aurea aqua, serenum est.

But when the wind blows, a chill is felt,

Sed ubi ventus spirat, frigus cernitur,

With the mist of water falling in the mistral breeze,

Mistrali flatu, aquae nebula cadit,

And it's beautiful, but cold in the hot sun,

Et pulchrum est, sed frigidum in sole calente,

And there are laughter and shouts among friends.

Et risus et exclamatio inter amicos.

I want to stare into the water, where ducks seem to swim,

Stare volo in aquam, qua anates natare videntur,

And turn my gaze to the woods, to the groves,

Et ad silvas, ad lucos, oculos converto,

For there is such beauty in the park,

Nam tanta in parco pulchritudo est,

We can search and find, always something new.

Quaerere possumus, et invenire, semper aliquid novi.

But when the sun sets, and the cold breeze comes,

Sed ubi sol occidit, et aura frigida venit,

I retire to my bed, to take on sleep,

Lectulo me recipio, somnum haurio,

But the memory remains, of the park, the ducks, the fountain,

Sed manet memoria, parci, anatium, fontis,

Thus I will always remember, in my mind and heart.

Sic semper recordabor, in mensa et corde meo.

XIX

Garlic Bread, Panis Alliatus

In my home, as the sun descends,

In domo mihi, cum sole decumbente,

The garlic bread smells fragrant, permeating all aromas,

Garlic panis fragrat, aromata omnia perfundit,

The kitchen is burning, and smoke is swirling,

Ardens est culina, et fumus circumvolat,

But I cannot resist the sweetness of the scent.

Sed suavitatem odoris ferre non possum.

For eight minutes, at a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees,

Octo minutis, et tempore centum quinquaginta gradibus,

I cook the garlic bread, beautiful and hot,

Panem allii coquo, pulchrum est et calidum,

But as I eat, more than satisfied,

Sed dum comedi, plus quam satietas,

My stomach is full, yet happy still.

Et stomachus plenus est, laetus tamen.

The taste of garlic bread is its own,

Gustus panis allii, suus est,
It's not easy to learn how much is enough,
Haud facile est discere quantus satis sit,
But one thing I know, it can't be too much,
Sed una re scio, non potest esse nimis,
Whether you eat alone or with friends.
Si una persona comes, aut cum amicis.

Garlic bread, which crunches thinly,
Panis allii, qui tenuiter crocans,
With a sweet aroma and exquisite taste,
Odore suavissimo, gusto exquisito,
Thus I always rejoice, and on my table,
Sic semper gaudeo, et in mensa meus,
I praise the beauty of garlic bread.
Pulchritudinem panis allii laudo.

XX

To The Northern Lights, Ad Aurora Boreali

Through the skylight of my bedroom high,

Per fenestram in cubiculo meo,

I spy the Aurora in the sky,

Auroram borealem aspicio,

A green mist, a wondrous sight,

Viride nebulosum spectaculum,

Dancing in the heavens with delight.

Caelo saltante cum gaudio.

Orion's Belt shines bright and clear,

Cingulum Orionis fulget clarum,

With nearby constellations so near,

Constellationes vicinae prope sunt,

A celestial dance above my head,

Chorea caelestis supra caput meum,

A magical performance, it is said.

Magica praestatio, ut dicitur.

Oh, how I long to fly up high,

O, quam cupio sursum volare,

Into the radiation in the sky,

In raditationem caeli ascendere,

To see the Aurora from within,

Auroram intus videre,

And let its wonder fill my skin.

Et eius miraculum pelle meus implere.

XXI

We Cannot Know, Non Est Nostrum Cognoscere

The deep recesses of mysteries,

Mysteriorum profundos recessus,

The eternal depths of the sea,

Aeterna alta maria,

But we behold unknown mountains.

Sed cernimus ignotos montes.

Flying into the sun,

Volantem in solem,

With burning wings,

Alis ardentibus,

Like an eagle soaring high,

Ut aquila, alta in caelis,

Towards the celestial stars.

Fertur in caelestia astra.

All parts are made for one,

Omnia sunt unius partis,

the celestial and terrestrial worlds,

Mundus caelestis et terrenus,

Find their own order,

Inveniunt ordinem suum,

In the law of eternity.

In aeternitatis legem.

We all combine and stand proud under the sun,

Nos omnes coniungimus et sub sole,

Sky, land again,

Sub caelo, sub terra statuimus,

Like sheep of one flock,

Tamquam oves unius gregis,

Proclaiming unity,

Unitatem praedicantes,

Under the shining sky and stable earth.

Sub fulgente caelo et terra stabile.

XXII

Man Made Machine, Machinam Hominibus Cupio

I long to build a man-made machine,

Machinam hominibus fabricare cupio,

With wealth and means at my command,

Habens pecuniam et vires,

My sleepless nights with strange dreams teem,

Somniis insolentibus laboro,

Moonlight haunting like a lurking band.

Insomniis lunae perturbor.

A rectangle I drew, with lines so clear,

Rectangulum pictura tracatum,

Stirs my mind with a force untold,

Mentem meum excitat,

By day a different man I appear,

Diurno ingenio aliter sum,

By night, visions of the machine unfold.

Nocturnis visionibus agitatus.

An object towering over my head,

Objectum machinatum, supra caput erigere,

In my mind's eye it stands so tall,

Visum mentis est potentis,

With means and money I am well-fed,

Pecuniam et vires habeo,

But these strange dreams will not let me fall.

Somniis insolentibus laboro.

XXII

Me, Myself and, I, Meus, Sui, Egoque

Awakened in a world with no other living soul,

Nihil vivum, solus in regnum veniendum,

Nothing alive, I am alone in this kingdom's toll,

Solus in mundo experrectus sum,

I travel from capital to capital, taking what I want.

Per capita ad capita iter facio, quod volo capio.

Living like a pharaoh, with no one to haunt,

Tamquam pharao, nemo me sequitur,

I stay in the most beautiful hotels,

In hoteles pulcherrimis maneo,

Like a king in his castle, my luxury excels,

Tamquam rex in suo castello, luxus meus crescere,

No one can stop me, I am truly blessed,

Nemo me impedire potest, benedictus sum,

No one resists, I am on a quest.

Nemo me resistit, ad iuncturas propero.

I wander through the city, day and night,

Vagor per urbem noctu et diu,

Like in a dream, I return to my sight,

Sicut in somnio redeo ad locum sui,

Everything is prepared for me.

Omnia mihi parata sunt.

Everything is mine, like a treasure hunt spree,

Omnia meus, velut thesaurum inveniunt,

Solitude is my friend.

Solitude est mihi amica.

Without humans, my soul doesn't bend.

Sine homine, meus anima tranquilla.

But my greed is my enemy,

Sed avaritia meus est hostis,

I cannot refuse, my desire is frienemy,

Hostis est cupiditas, recusare non possum,

My luxury is poison.

Luxus meus venenum.

My indulgence is a poison, time to listen,

Luxuria meus venenum, nunc audiam,

It's time to reflect, it's time to rest,

Iam revocare tempus est, tempus est cogitare,

Time to ponder, it's time to nest.

Tempus requiescendi, tempus est habitat.

XXIII

Don’t Shutdown on Me, Non Me Deserere

The mind is not coping, tears cannot be held back,

Non bene fert animus, lacrimas inhibere nequit,

Nor can it shut down, now is the time.

Nec claudere sese potest, nunc est tempus.

The mind is troubled, overwhelmed by pain,

Mens non bene fert, dolorem submergere non potest,

Emotions run deep, impossible to restrain.

Affectus profundi sunt, reprimi impossibile est.

Tears flow like a river, unstoppable and free,

Fluunt lacrimae ut flumen, impetuosae atque liberae,

And the heart feels heavy, burdened as can be.

Et cor grave sentit, oneratum ut maxime.

But shutting down is not an option, not right now,
Sed nunc non licet claudere, non est opus hibernare,

For the storm must be weathered, somehow.
Tempestas oportet ferri, modo aliquid invenire.

There are people who care, who are standing near,
Proximi stant, qui curant, manum porrigunt iuvandi,

To lend a helping hand, and to dry every tear.
Et fletus extergent, solatio et levandi.

So take a deep breath, and let the feelings out,
Igitur inspira huc profunde, pectore expressa omnia,

Speak from the heart, scream, cry, and shout.
Vocem tollens, clamorem emittens, sententias ululans.

The weight will lessen, and the clouds will clear,
Onera imminuentur, nubes dispergentur,

And a new dawn will rise, calm and without fear.

Aurora novae dies oritur, secura et sine pavore.

The spirit does not bear well, and cannot restrain tears.

Spiritus non bene fert et lacrimas inhibere non potest.

The soul does not bear well, it cannot hold back tears,

Non bene fert animus, lacrimas inhibere nequit,

Nor can it shut itself, now is the time.

Nec claudere sese potest, nunc est tempus.

XXIV

[ALT] Thy Flesh, Caro Tua

Thou flesh, a wondrous vessel, born of earth,
Caro tua, vas mirum, ex terra ortum,
A perfect union of sinew, blood, and bone.
Compositum ex nervis, sanguine et ossibus.

A form divine, of grace and beauty, girth,
Forma divina, gratia et pulchritudine praedita,
That carries all the essence of thy soul alone.
Quae omnes animae tuae essentias sola portat.

Within its walls, thy life's sweet melodies,
Intra parietes eius, dulces melodias vitae tuae,
Are writ in pulses of thy beating heart,
Pulsibus cordis tui scriptae sunt,
Each breath a verse, a rhythm that concedes,
Quotidianis exspirationibus versum facientes,
To the dance of life, its every step, its every part.
Rhythmus vitae omnibus passibus et partibus eius cedens.

The flesh, a tapestry of scars and marks,

Caro, textus cicatricum et signorum,

That speaks of battles waged and won or lost,

Loquitur de bellis certaminibusque victis vel victis,

Of moments that have left their telling sparks,

Momentis ignitis quae indicem reliquerunt,

Of times when love or grief exacted a cost.

Temporibus cum amor aut dolor pretium posuit.

But in the end, thy flesh will fade and die,

Sed demum caro tua marcescet et morietur,

And all that's left is memory and dust,

Et quod supererit memoria et pulvis est,

Yet what remains, the soul that will defy,

Quod vero permanebit, anima est quae resistet saeculis,

The ages, for in it, love and life will trust.

In ea amor et vita fidem habent.

So cherish well, thy flesh, its every part,

Ergo cura bene carnem tuam, cuiusque partem,

For it is but a fleeting gift of grace,

Nam est donum fugax gratiae,

That carries with it, the song of thy heart,

Quae secum canitum cordis tuum fert,

And leaves a lasting imprint on time and space.

Imprimen's vestigium in tempore et spatio.

Soft Fuzzy Man - Lemon Demon

Cold and windy,

Frigus et ventus,

Dark and stormy,

Tenebrae et tempestas,

Let me float your way,

Ad me veni,

Please don’t ignore me,

Ne despicias me,

What you girls really need’s a soft, fuzzy man.

Peullae vos opus habetis, vir mollis et lanosus.

An ambient man, a trick of the light,

Lumen volans, Ambiens sensus,

To love you tonight, you don’t understand,

Ut hodie vos amet, non sentitis,

There’s nothing quite like a soft, fuzzy man,

Nihil est tam dulce quam mollis et tener vir,

Can’t you see me ? Why can’t you see me ?

Nonne me videtis ? Cur non me videtis ?

I’m all around, All cold and dreamy.

Circumfertur, Frigidus et somnians.

What you girls really need’s a soft, fuzzy man.

Viridi et molli vos opus habetis, vir mollis et lanosus.

A wisp of smoke man to waft over you,

Vir fumulus qui super vos fluitet,

And cloud up your view, so show me your hands,

Et offusca visum tuum, igitur ostende mihi manus tuas,

And wave them right through a soft, fuzzy man.

Et agita eas recte per virum mollem et lanosum.

Although I have no hands to hold you in,

Si nullae manus ad teneas,

A human passion burns within,

Ardet hominis passio in intra meus,

Hey I needed to feel like I exist, So please baby, please baby step into my mist,

Ut sentiam, ut ego sim, Ad me ambula, ad me ambula per nebula meus,

Don’t be nervous, No, don’t be nervous,

Ne timeas, Ne timeas,

I’m not like other guys, Who have a surface.

Non similis sum aliis, Qui tantum habent superficiem.

What you girls really need’s a soft, fuzzy man,

Viridi et molli vos opus habetis, vir mollis et lanosus,

An atmospheric man, a shimmering puff, Of indistinct love, what’s better than, The vague embrace of a soft, fuzzy man ?

Pulvisque volans, Amor ambiguus, Quis melior quam mollis et tener vir ?

Who seeps through your thoughts, Who makes you see spots, Who floats through the air, Who plays with your hair,

Qui mentem penetrat, Qui visionem turbat, Qui aerem vibra, Qui comam ludificat,

I know it sounds crazy, But once you go hazy, You’ll understand, I’m your soft, fuzzy man.

Scio stultum sonare, Sed, nubilo cognito, Intelles, mollis et tener vir sum tuus.

XXV

Farscape, Procul Topia

Shot Through a Wormhole,

Vermi foramen transmittit,

Broken the boundary of space,

Fregit scissuram spatii,

Aliens in the stars,

Alienigenae in astris,

Fleeing from the peacekeepers.

Effugientes pacis custodes.

Armed and fierce,

Armis ferox et saevus,

Often fighting against the law,

Saepe contra leges pugnat,

But you, an ex-peacekeeper,

Sed tu, ex pacis custode,

Ignite a sudden flame of love.

Viator ex improviso amoris incendis.

The envy of the peacekeepers,

Invidia pacis custodum,

Fans the flames of love,

Ardentem flammam amoris incitat,

Necessary to flee or,

Necesse est fugere vel,

Be punished if captured.

Inclusi puniti sint.

Love and escape at the same time,

Amor et fugam simul,

Pulsing in the stars,

In astris pulsantur,

Found a burning flame of love,

Ardentem flammam amoris,

In an ex-peacekeeper.

In pacis custode inveni.

XXVI

Time Visitor, Temporis Viator

I stood amidst the ruins,

Stabam inter ruinas,

Of Pompeii's ancient town,

Antiquae urbis Pompeianae,

As a traveler through time,

Temporis viator,

I moved back in time,

Tempore retrocessi,

I knew the fate that was bound.

Fatum sciebam iam ligata.

The streets were bustling, unaware,

Plateae strepunt, ignari,

Of what was soon to come,

Quod mox eventurum est,

The citizens lived their daily lives,

Cives vitam quotidie agunt,

As if tomorrow was just another one.

Tamquam cras solum alterum est.

But I knew the horror that awaited them,

Sed terribilem sciebam sortem,

The fiery eruption that would soon take place,

Incendium flammis erumpentem,

And so I tried to warn them all,

Sic nuntiare conabar omnibus,

Of the disaster that they would face.

Catastrophae quam passuri essent.

I shouted “

Exclamo “

My name is Alex,

Mihi nomen est Alexus,

I am a agent of the time council.

Praefectus consilii ad tempus mutantum.

I come to you all with a grave warning,

Atque adfero acerbum nunium advos omnes,

You’re all about to die !

Vos omnes morituri estis !

That mountain,

Iste mons,

having endured fires for centuries, will erupt upon you,

Ignes passus per saecula in vos erumpet,

I know this to be true because I come from the future. ”

Sico haec esse vera quod ego de futuris adveni. ”

But my words fell on deaf ears,

Sed verba meus auribus surdus sunt,

As they looked at me with disbelief,

Civium incredulitate affecti,

Unwilling to accept the truth.

Veritatem non volentes agnoscere.

XXVII

Mushrooms for Lunch, Fungi ad Meridiem

Amidst the forest, I wandered deep,

In medio silvae errabam profunde,

Seeking mushrooms to power my keep,

Cogens fungos ad meum virtutem in lucrum unde,

Alchemy was my passion, my life,

Alchemia mihi vitae passio est,

And I needed to level up to end this strife.

Et opus est mihi ut ad meliora provectus sim ad finem huiusce lis.

I found a mushroom, plucked it with glee,

Fungum inveneram, cum gaudio deplesso,

A perfect ingredient for my recipe,

Perfectus ingredientis procul a desiderio messo,

I ate it up and felt the power surge,

Consumpsi et sentivi potentiam surgebat,

But little did I know, it would lead to a purge.

Sed nesciebam quod ad vomitum me deducebat.

As I lay there, high and dazed,

Cum iacebam ibi confusus et ebrius,

My friend found me, and he was unfazed,

Amicus meus me invenit sed insusus,

He told me he needed my help,

Auxilium mihi petivit, ut aiutarem eum,

But I was too high to help.

Sed eram altus, nec poteram ei loqui, nullum.

He threatened to kick my ass,

Amicus meus minabatur, ut culum meum percuteret,

But I told him to stargaze and let it pass,

Sed ego dixi " Specta stellae ", ut a se totum depelleret,

He replied there were no stars in the sky,

Respondit, " In caelo stellae non apparere. "

But I said he could see them if he tried.

At ego dixi, " Si conaretur, aliter esse posse ut videatur. "

For in life, there are always stars to behold,

In vita stellae semper insunt,

Even when the night is dark and cold,

Etiam tenebris noctis obscuratae ac praedae sunt,

Even when the sky is bright and clouds block the way,

Etiam cum caelum sit clare et nubes obstant viam,

Just like the mushrooms that grow in the stump,

Sicut fungi qui crescunt in truncis,

We must find the light, and let it help us jump.

Lucem invenire oportet, ut saltem salutem quaeratur.

XXVIII

All Fallen, Omnes Ceciderunt

Free will is given to us,

Liberum arbitrium nobis datum est,

Our reason awakens our mind,

In nobis ratio mentem excitat,

Commending free will to mankind,

An omnes idem spatium communicamus,

And likewise Lucifer sought it, and he complained about it.

And the same thing Lucifer asked for, he made a fuss.

Can we live with divine will and man without virtue ?

Divina voluntas et homo sine virtute vivamus ?

Do we all share the same space,

Nostra ratio mentem excitat,

Living with divine will and human power and grace ?

Liberam voluntatem nobis commendat ?

Yet, warned by the example of Lucifer,

Sed tamen, Luciferi exemplo monemur,

This gift is heavy and dangerous to incur.

Hoc munus grave et periculosum habetur.

Our fate is entrusted to us,

Fortuna nostra nobis commissa est,

We must do what we choose,

Ad ea quae velimus agendum est,

But if our will turns to evil,

Sed si in malum voluntas nostra fertur,

We follow Lucifer and abandon our devotion to the good.

Luciferum sequimur, pietatem deserimus.

Thus, the common space we possess,

Ita spatium commune quod habemus,

Divine will lives in us,

Divina voluntas in nobis vivit,

But we ourselves hold ultimate power,

Sed nosmetipsi summam potestatem tenemus,

Let us not follow Lucifer, but seek wisdom every hour.

Luciferum ne sequamur, sapientiam sequamur.

XXIV

In The Great Library, In Bibliotheca Magna

The scent of old books,

Liberorum vetustorum olentia,

Inspires my mind and soul,

Inspirat meum mentem et animum,

I enter a vast library,

Advenio in vastam bibliothecam,

Where ancient books are numerous.

Ubi libri antiqui multum numerantur.

Countless shelves,

Innumerabiles librarii,

Loft and wide, gaze upon me,

Intuentur me altum et latu,

This is a treasure trove of knowledge,

Hic est thesaurus scientiae,

Of exceptional books and genius.

Liberorum et ingenii egregii.

Now I ascend to the second floor,

Nunc sursum ad secundum gradum ascendo,

Here is the balcony,

Hic est balconium,

From which the entire library can be surveyed,

Unde totum bibliothecae ambitum,

And its circumference observed,

Circumspicere licet,

All the walls are covered in books,

Muros omnes libri tegunt,

There are also books on arts and humanities,

Sunt etiam ibi libri artium et humanitatis,

I want to immerse myself in these very books,

Me ita in his ipsis libris immergere volo,

Until the day ends this spectacle.

Donec dies finit hoc spectaculum.

XXV

To the Muse Alexander Pope, Ad Musami Alexanderus Popus

Greece captivates, Rome captures,

Graecia captivat, captat Roma,

And Latin poetry echoes Greek,

Et poesis latina, graeca refert,

Joyful Muse, your labors ours,

Musa laeta, tua vester labor,

Now hear us, and with humble prayer,

Nunc audi nos, et prece supplici,

Grant your adornments to our songs.

Ornamenta tuis carminibus da.

We sing the praise of great names,

Magni nominis laudem cantamus,

For they know how to write good verse,

Carmen scribere nam bene sciunt,

And they are a glory of great talent.

Ingenii etiam egregii decus.

Alexander Pope, prince of poets,

Pope Alexander, poetae princeps,

Has passed on his genius to us,

Ingenium suum nobis tradidit,

To the founders of the eternal city,

Urbis aeternae conditoribus,

We dedicate this auspicious poem,

Carmen hoc faustum dedimus,

Thus the Muses help us,

Sic Musae simul nos adiuvant,

And perfect our work with their talent,

Et ingenium perficiunt opus,

Sweet melody, beauty, and true voice.

Dulce melos, forma, et vera vox.

Don't we soar to the stars from here,

Nonne hinc ad astra surgimus,

Full of the great virtue of poetry ?

Magnae poesis virtutis pleni ?

XXVI

Dagoth Ur

Powerful, he reigns within the Red Mountain's cord.

Potens est, regnat in sinu Montis Vivi.

His magic fights with a ferocious zeal,

Abies pugnat per vim magiam,

But he's immortal, never defeated by steel.

At numquam vincitur, non est mortalis.

Yet even the wisest in Tamriel's land,

Sed nemo sapientissimus in Tamriel,

Can't comprehend the secret of Chim’s command.

Datur comprehendere secretum Chim.

Dagoth Ur tried, but harmed himself in the end,

Dagoth Ur tentavit, sed sibi nocuit,

Though he's mighty, he can't surpass and transcend.

Quamvis sit potens, non potest superare.

XXVII

[ALT] Red Mist, Rubra Nebula

In the dream I found myself,

In somnio me inveneram,

Amidst a battle, dark and grim,

In medio pugnae obscurae ac truculentae,

Red mist swirling all around,

Mistum rubrum circumvolvitur,

And corpses piling limb on limb.

Ac corpora membra super membra conlocantur.

I saw a ruin in the distance,

Ruinas in distans vidi,

A black stone castle standing tall,

Turris nigrum saxum alta stat,

And in its shadow lay a lake,

Ubi in umbra stagnum erat,

A floor of blood, solid and small.

Solum sanguineum solidum et parvum.

But as I gazed upon the scene,

Sed dum intuebar hanc scenam,

A sharp pain pierced me through,

Acuit acies dolor,

Three spikes impaled me in the chest,

Tribus clavis pectore figor,

And into the sky I flew.

Et in caelum sublimis volo.

High above the battlefield,

Insuper pugna, caelestia aspicio,

I saw the carnage down below,

Infra carnificinam intueor,

The bodies piled in endless rows,

Corpora interminabiliter conlocantur,

The blood that flowed like a river's flow.

Sanguis fluens fluminis similitudine.

And there, amidst the chaos and ruin,

Ibi, in medio chaos et ruina,

I saw a glimpse of something more,

Glimpsum aliquid maius conspexi,

A glimmer of hope, a spark of light,

Scintillam spei, lumen ignis,

A chance to rise and to restore.

Occasionem surgendi et instaurandi.

For though the battle may be lost,

Nam etiam si pugna sit amissa,

And the darkness may seem to reign,

Obscuritas regnare videatur,

We can still find a way to rise,

Adhuc viam invenire possumus,

And fight for hope and love again.

Et pro spe et amore iterum pugnare.

Aurora Borealis - Lemon Demon

Beneath apocalyptic snowflakes from above,
Sub nivibus apocalypticis de caelo cadentibus,
We're not in peril, we are in apocalove.
Non sumus periculo obnoxii, sed in amore apocalypsi.

Let's go walking or Christmas shopping,
Ambulemus aut emamus natalemque,
But something more shocking we'll do, nothing stopping.
Sed aliquid magis obstupefaciens faciemus, nihil impedit.

Let's go to the windmill, find catharsis there,
Ad molendinum eamus, Catharsin inveniamus,
Or to the graveyard, in darkness with care.
Aut in cimiterio sub umbra noctis.

It's okay, I've done this tons of times,
non est periculum, saepe feci,
Well, maybe just once a year since I was in my prime.
Bene erit, nihil timeamus.

It will be fine, I say with a smile,

Bene erit, inquit, cum risu,

I do this all the time, nothing to rile.

Hoc saepe facio, nihil perturbandum est.

Is this your first time seeing Aurora Borealis crush mankind ?

Hoc vides primum, ut auroram borealem homines opprimere ?

The wind chimes chiming with the screams, a pretty winter night.

Tintinnabulis flantibus, nox hiemis formosa.

Your hand in mine, let's enjoy the sight.

Manus tua in meis, spectemus.

The horizon is a fog from the breath of everyone,

Horizontem omnes respirandi nebula obscurat,

But let's have some fun, till the night is done.

Sed gaudeamus usque ad finem noctis.

This empty building is what I call home,

Hoc edificium vacuum domus mihi vocatur,

Baby it's cold inside, don't leave me alone.

Frigidum est intus, ne deseras.

There's no good movies, but there's a fire,

Nullae pelliculae optabiles, sed ignis est,

Well, scented candles that are on fire.

Velas fragrantes ardent.

Let's take the night off, enjoy the moonrise,

Noctem otiosam agamus, lunam spectemus,

Let it destroy us, let's not be wise.

Eam nobis demoliri sinamus.

As long as we believe, everything will be okay,

Si credamus, bene erit,

As if anything could go wrong on.

Ut ostendam tibi priusquam abeam.

Christmas eve, come what may.

Nocte Nativitatis, veniat quod veniat.

I'm glad you're here, so I can share this with you,

Laetus sum te adesse, ut hoc tecum communicem,

Before I disappear, here's what we'll do.

Nihil potest in Nativitate mali evenire.

Is this your first time seeing Aurora Borealis crush mankind ?

Hoc vides primum, ut auroram borealem homines opprimere ?

A flashlight underneath my chin, a pretty winter night.

Fulgurantia sub mento meo, nox hiemis formosa.

Your hand in mine, let's hold on tight.

Manus tua in meis, teneamus fortiter.

Now swallowed by the fog from the breath of everyone,

Ne obliviscamur nos internebulis respirandi,

I can barely see you now, but your smile is a frown.

Etiam si vix te video, risus est tristitia.

I knew it had to stop, because I always mess it up,

Scio oportere finiri, quod saepe pecco,

And I get it if you run, I just had to share with someone.

Si fugeris nihil miremur, debui loqui cum aliquo.

XXVIII

In the Meadow, Ad Pratum

In the springtime meadow I sit,

In prato vernante sedeo,

With flowers brightly blooming,

Flores varii splendidi,

And a gentle breeze blows,

Et aura mollis spirat,

Making the world serene again.

Serenum iterum mundumque.

In the midst I place sweet food,

In medio posui cibum dulcem,

Bread, wine, and cheese to eat,

Panem, vinum et caseum,

And invite my friends to share,

Et amici mei vocavi,

In a joyful picnic feast.

Ad convivium gaudiosum.

But lo! A cow interrupts,

Sed ecce! Bos irrumpit,

Between us and the meal,

Inter nos et mensam,

Seeking a tasty snack,

Praedam avidus quaerit,

Restless and rambunctious.

Inquietus et tumultuosus.

We all laugh and remain,

Ridemus omnes et sumus,

Keeping peace with the cow,

Pacem cum bove servamus,

And stay in the meadow still,

Et remanemus in prato,

Enjoying food and friendship.

Cibum et amicitiam fruentes.

XXIX

Oh, Can you See, O, Potesne Videre

The world is spinning round,

Mundus volvitur, celeri cursu fertur,

With all its chaos and its endless sound,

Cum omni tumultu et sono infinito,

The birds, the bees, and all the things we've found,

Aves, apes, ceteraque quae repperimus,

Are moving forward, let's go find some common ground.

Procedunt, eamus communem terram invenire.

The colors of the world, they're changing fast,

Mutantur celeri mundi coloribus,

From green to blue, and then to red at last.

De viridi in caeruleum, deinde rubicundis.

But in the end, we know that nothing lasts,

Sed in fine scimus nihil manere diutius,

So let's hold on tight, and make this moment last,

Sic teneamus fortiter hanc momenti tenus,

Oh, life is strange, and sometimes hard to bear,

Vita est mirabilis, atque difficilis saepe,

But we can make it through, if we just dare,

Sed si tantum audemus et respiramus sepe,

To take a breath, and let ourselves just care,

Sic nobis curae fiunt, atque ametur populus,

For all the people, all the love that's there.

Et amoris amplitudo crescet in amplius.

So let's stand tall, and face the world head on,

Ergo stent alti, vultum adversus mundum levemus,

With all its beauty, and its endless song,

Cum omni pulchritudine, cum cantu indefesso,

Let's sing along, and make our voices strong,

Hoc carmen cantemus, fortia voce perferamus,

For in the end, we know we all belong.

Sed in fine scimus nos omnes in commune unum esse creati.

XXX

Dreaming Awake, In Somnio Surgo

Dreams have taken me,

Somnia me rapuere,

Dreams have taken me, into the depths of shadows,

In profundum umbrarum, Caelum subobscurum,

A sky half-dark, unknown places, roads,

Ignota loca, viae, Sed repente evigilo,

But suddenly I awaken,

Stare aggredior,

And try to stand, with my wakeful eyes,

Oculis meis vigilibus,

In a world so clear.

In mundo tam claro.

But it's not true, there is no end,

Sed non est verum, non est finis,

Awakening, I am somewhere else,

Evigilans alius sum, alius locus,

Soon I am drawn into sleep again,

Mox iterum somno haurior,

To another place,

In alium locum,

Always one dream, dreaming within a dream.

Semper unum somnium, in somnio somniens.

In dream and wakefulness,

In somnio et vigilia,

Constant alternation, Dreaming one dream,

Constans vicissitudo, Una somniens somnia,

And awakening again, Soon dreaming again,

Et evigilans iterum, Mox iterum somniens,

And awakening again,

iterum evigilans,

Endlessly and continuously,

Sine fine continuo,

In perpetual sleep.

In somno perpetuo.

But even in the dream,

Sed etiam in somnio,

My spirit is awake, I do not forget what clings to the dream,

Meus animus vigilat, Non obliviscor, quod somnio inhaereat,

But because I am involuntarily drawn into the dream,

Sed quia somnio invitus haurior,

I am exiled into infinite sleep.

In infinitum somnium exsilio.

In sleep and wakefulness,

In somnio et vigilia,

A constant alternation, One dreaming dreams,

Constans vicissitudo, Una somniens somnia,

And upon waking again, Soon dreaming again, waking again,

Et evigilans iterum, Mox iterum somniens, iterum evigilans,

Continuously, in perpetual sleep.

Sine fine continuo, in somno perpetuo.

XXXI

[ALT] Three in a Pond, Tres in Ponda

In a pond deep within the wood,
In stagno profundo intra silvam,
Lived creatures that we never could,
Animantia habitabant quae numquam,
Imagine to exist, but they do,
Putavimus esse sed sunt vera,
And their names are Ribberto, Kevin, and Abi too.
Nomenque eorum est Ribbertus, Kevin, Abi quoque.

Ribberto was a frog, so green,
Ribbertus erat rana, tam viridis,

His eyes as big as you've ever seen,
Oculi eius tam magni ut numquam videris,
He hopped around and caught some flies,
Saltavit, muscas cepit,
And sang a song that echoed through the skies.
Canitumque cantavit qui caelum complevit.

Kevin was a crocodile, so fierce,

Kevin erat crocodilus, tam ferus,

With jaws that could make a prey's heart pierce,

Axillae eius cor praedae perforant anxius,

He lay on a rock, basking in the sun,

Reclinebat super saxum, sole calefactus,

Waiting for his next meal to come.

Proxima praedam exspectans.

Abi was a dragonfly, so small,

Abi erat libellula, tam parva,

But her wings could take her past them all,

Sed alis suis ceteris praevolat astuta,

She fluttered by, her colors bright,

Coloribus suis fulgebant,

And brought joy to every creature in sight.

Qui laetitiam ad omnes creaturas portabant.

One day, Kevin thought he'd try,

Quodam die, Kevin conatus est,

To catch Ribberto as he passed by,

Ribbertum captare cum transibat ille fest,

But Ribberto hopped too fast for him,

Sed Ribbertus praeteriens nimium celeriter,

And laughed as he watched Kevin's grin.

Risit, dum Kevinis gaudium videbat iter.

Abi saw it all from high above,

Abi totum vidit caelo sursum,

And knew that she had to act with love,

Et scivit quod amoris auxilio fuit opus hum,

She flew down and landed on Kevin's nose,

Volavit et sedit super Kevinis nasum,

And whispered secrets only Kevin knows.

Arcana susurravit quae sola Kevinis nota sunt.

From that day on, Kevin and Ribberto,

Ex eo tempore, Kevin et Ribbertus,

Were friends, and no longer foes,

Amici facti sunt, non amplius inimici usque talis,

And Abi, the dragonfly, watched with glee,

Et Abi, libellula, gaudium spectavit laetus,

As they lived happily in harmony.

Eos viventes in armonia et felicitate perpetua.

So, Ribberto, Kevin, and Abi too,

Ita, Ribbertus, Kevin et Abi quoque,

Lived in the pond so deep and blue,

In stagno profundo et caeruleo vivunt loco,

A lesson learned for us all to see,

Qua lectione docemur omnes,

That even the fiercest creatures can live in harmony.

Etiam creaturas ferocissimas posse in concordia vivere.

Kissing Toads - Jan Two-Sleeves

Kissing toads again

Osculans ranae rursus

And I can't wait to kiss some toads again

Et non possum expectare ut iterum aliquos bufones osculemur

They're always hopping in my garden at nighttime

Et osculare rursum ranae opto semper salient in horto noctu

And I wish they'd just come out for me to kiss

Et opto ut egredi possint ad osculandum

Kissing toads again I can't wait to kiss my slimy friends

Osculans ranae rursus desidero amplexari amicos limosos meos

They just want to search all night for some bugs

Solent caedere omni nocte alios colaphos

And I can't help but kiss some toads again

Et osculari rursum ranae non possum impedire

Kissing toads again their amphibious nature always makes me happy

Osculans ranae rursus natura eorum amphibia me semper laetificat

I love them I want to give them all the love they've never got

Eos amo omne amor quod unquam non acceperunt dare volo

They'll get it

Dabuntur

Kissing toads again…

Osculans ranae rursus…

[Kissing sounds]

[Suavi sonitus osculandi]

XXXII

Wanna Hang ? Tene Velim Pende ?

Two men were to hang, suspended high,

Duo homines suspensi sunt pendere, alte,

One said to the other, " This is my first time to die. "

Unus alteri dixit, " Hoc est tempus meum primum moriendi. "

With heavy hearts and the wind's wild sway,

Sic corde tristi et fluctu ventorum,

Two lives were lost on this fateful day.

Perierunt duo vita cum dolore.

Crowd below looked up with sorrow,

Turba subeunte respiciebat,

The cruel punishment brought a bleak tomorrow.

Quam cruda morte poena feriebat.

But the other man spoke with a somber tone,

Sed alter ad comitem tacitus verba facit,

" This is my first time too, my friend, alone. "

" Hoc primum tempus, mi amice, subigit. "

The first man nodded, sad and low,

Alter ei annuit triste nutu,

" This fate is not unfamiliar, as we both know. "

" Non est insolens hic exitus mei fortuna. "

" For we've long foreseen this day's sad end,

" Nam diu praesagimus hunc diem venire,

Now it's come, and to us it does attend. "

Nunc tamen ad nos hunc dies est ire. "

Together they hung, side by side,

Ipsi simul pendebant iugiter,

Two lives ended with love and pride.

Duae vitam finiunt cum amore.

Yet their memory lives on,

Sed memoria eorum cum cordibus manet,

In hearts and minds, A testament to the strength of humankind.

Tamquam monumentum fortitudinis hominum praeteritum.

XXXIII

[ALT] Alien Arrival, Adventus Alienigenae

The desire burns to see the aliens arrive,

Ardet desiderium cernendi alienigenas,

To witness Earth as their partner and ally,

Qui terram advenirent ut socios videre possint,

To welcome us into a galactic federation,

Galacticoque in foedere nos ut membra recipiant,

And accept us as members of their great alliance.

Ac membra magni illius foederis esse.

With hope we scan the skies for their approach,

Spe scrutamur coelum adventus eorum,

Eager for the moment they make their presence known,

Momentum cupimus, quo praesentiam suam indicent,

We dream of the day when they touch down,

Somniamus diem quo naves astra tangant,

And we greet them with warmth and a friendly tone.

Et eos blandis verbis atque amicitia accipiamus.

For in this vast and endless universe,

Nam in immenso hoc universo,

We cannot be alone, we are sure,

Solos esse non possumus, id certum est,

And when the aliens come to call,

Atque ubi adveniunt alienigenae,

Our hearts will race with excitement and allure.

Cor nostrum accelerat cum gaudio et desiderio.

So let us prepare ourselves for that great day,

Ergo parati sumus adveniente illo die,

And welcome the aliens with open arms and hearts,

Alienigenas bracchiis et corde aperto accipiamus,

For in their wisdom and experience, we may find,

Nam in sapientia et experientia eorum,

The key to unlocking a bright and better tomorrow.

Clavem inveniemus lucidiorem futuri.Alien Arrival, Adventus Alienigenae

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Nam in sapientia et experientia eorum,

The key to unlocking a bright and better tomorrow.

Clavem inveniemus lucidiorem futuri.

Shut up Kiss me - Angel Olsen

I ain't hanging up this time,

Non pendam hanc vicem,

I ain't giving up tonight,

Hodie non cedam tibi,

Even if you walk around,

Etiamsi circumspectas,

As though you think you're right,

Tamquam verum tuum sit,

At your worst you still believe,

Tuus fortior animus semper credit,

It's worth the fight.

Certamen aestimat se dignum meritum.

I could make it all go away,

Omnia dissolvere possem,

Tell me what you think and don't delay,

Dic quid sentias, ne tardes,

We could still be having some sweet memories,

Etiam nunc memoriae felicibus,

This heart still beats for you,

Hoc cor ad te etiam fertur,

Why can't you see ?

Cur non percipis ?

Shut up, kiss me, hold me tight,

Tace, oscula me, arripe me,

Stop your crying, it's alright.

Noli flere, omnia bene.

Stop pretending I'm not there,

Non me simulabis non esse,

When it's clear I'm not going anywhere.

Ut scias, me nunquam deserere.

If I'm out of sight then take another look around,

Si desinam apparere, respice retro,

I'm still out there hoping to be found.

Me tibi hunc usque diem sperare.

Shut up, kiss me, hold me tight,

Tace, oscula me, arripe me,

Stop your crying, it's alright,

Noli flere, omnia bene,

I could make it all disappear,

Omnia dissolvere possem,

You could feed me all of your fears,

Tu timores mihi ostendere,

We could end all this pain right here,

Hic dolor omnino finiri potest,

We could rewind all of those tears.

Cum illacrimabilis fons sit.

I could take it down to the floor,

Ad terram me trahere possem,

You don't have to feel it anymore,

Sentire nihil amplius necessitas est,

A love so real that it can't be ignored,

Tantum amor, non potest non sentiri,

It's all over, baby, but I'm still young,

Nunc quidem finitus, sed adhuc adolescentior.

I'm still young.

Adhuc adolescentior.

Shut up, kiss me, hold me tight,

Tace, oscula me, arripe me,

Stop your crying, it's alright.

Noli flere, omnia bene.

XXXIV

In a Vehicle Under The sun, In Vehiculo Sine Tecto Sub Sole

In a car without a roof under the sun,

In vehiculo sine tecto sub sole,

We are heading towards the mountain top.

Ad montis cacumen nos dirigimus.

The wind and rays of the sun surround us,

Ventus et solis radii permulcent,

But we are used to this, and we carry with us the feeling of joy.

Sed consuetudine utimur hac, et gaudentem Sensum ferimus.

The mountain top is our destination,

Montis cacumen est destinatio nostra,

Others know where we are.

Alii sciunt ubi simus.

Although we escape the land,

Quamquam terram effugimus,

Our minds ascend to the heights.

Mentem nostram in altum ascendimus.

The wind carries us in golden light,

Ventus nos effert in aurea luce,

The rays of the sun luxuriate us,

Solis radii nos luxuriantur,

We hurry to the top of the mountain,

Ad cacumen montis festinamus,

And admire the beauty of nature.

Et naturae pulchritudinem admiramus.

Under the open sky and shining sun,

Sub divo caelo et splendente sole,

We traverse the wide world,

Per mundum effusum pergamus,

Until we reach the top of the mountain,

Usque ad montis cacumen pervenimus,

A spectacle we will never forget.

Spectaculum quod numquam obliviscemur.

XXXV

Alone in the Dark House, Sola in Domuncula Tenebrosa

I sit alone in a dark little house far away,

Solus in domuncula tenebrosa longe sedeo,

Seeing shadows across the hall move and sway.

Umbras per hallum moveri video.

My heart trembles, but I must stay strong,

Corde tremit, sed fortis manere debeo,

And try to conquer the fear that is long.

Et timorem vincere tento.

Awake, yet alone and deserted,

Vigilans, adhuc sola et deserta,

Through the night, horrors to resist,

Per noctem horrores resistere spera.

He who conquers the mind with courage,

Vincit qui mentem timore non ducit,

And breaks the solitude with the heart's encourage.

Et solitudinem animo conterit.

Now even fear is on the path of shadows,

Nunc etiam pavoris in umbra est via,

But to myself I say, Get going !

Tamen animo statim mihi dico: Via !

Alone in the dark, I won't be afraid,

Solus in tenebris non timebo,

And in strong solitude, I will persist and stay.

Et in forti solitudine persistam.

XXXVI

[ALT] Luna

O moon, who pours forth the light of your face,

O luna, quae faciem tuam lux effundit,

Upon us, and scatters it across the world,

Super nos, et eam dissipat per mundum,

Veiling lands in a different darkness,

Obscurans terras alio caligine,

As you move hidden in our realm below,

Dum latebras movens in nostro mundo,

And yet illuminate all mortal things,

Et tamen illuminans omnia mortalia,

As night descends, and tides beneath the sea,

Dum nox advenit, et fluctus sub aequore,

Rise and fall - we have seen this all before,

Surget et cadet - hoc omnia vidimus,

And we will see it for many ages more.

Et in multis saeculis videbimus.

But you, whose love is such within our hearts,

Sed tu, cuius amor est tantus in cordibus nostris,

Lead me towards the light, towards a better life,

Duc me ad lucem, ad vitam meliorem,

So that I might bear my steps, my lightened mind,

Ut ferre possim passus meos, mentem meum levatam,

And offer you my strength, and all the gifts,

Et offeram tibi vires meos, et omnes dona,

Of my verse, which might echo your sacred being.

Carminis mei, quae tua sacra resonent.

Soldier Poet King - The Oh Hellos

There will come a soldier,

Veniet miles,

Who carries a mighty sword,

Qui ferat gladium validum,

He will tear your city down,

Diruet urbem tuam,

There will come a poet,

Veniet poeta,

Whose weapon is His word,

Cuius arma sunt verba,

He will slay you with His tongue, Lord.

Occidet te lingua eius, Domine.

He will slay you with His tongue,

Occidet te lingua eius,

There will come a ruler,

Veniet imperator,

Whose brow is laid in thorn,

Cuius frontem coronat spina,

Smeared with oil like David's boy, Lord.

Unguitur oleo sicut puer David, Domine.

He will tear your city down.

Diruet urbem tuam.

XXXVII

ZOO, Zoologico

We went on a trip to the zoo.

In zoologico itinerem fecimus.

Where the most beautiful world of animals is.

Ubi animalium orbis pulcherrimus est.

An elephant, with a long and large trunk.

Elephas, proboscide longa et magna.

And there were flamingos, thriving in pink.

Habebat et flámingos, in roseo vigeantia.

They had golden and shining feathers.

Pinnas eis auratas et fulgentes habebant.

Birds, with blue and shining beaks.

Aves, rostra caerulea et splendida.

And before leaving, in the gift shop.

Et in tabernaculo donorum ante discessum.

We bought a wolf stuffed toy, we were amazed !

Lupum pelucho emimus, stupore tenebamur !

The zoo is full of magnificent animals.

Zoologicum est plenum animalium magnificárum.

A place for learning and exploring.

Locum docendae et investigandae.

And as we left with a new friend.

Et dum cum amico novo discedebamus.

We knew we would come back again.

Scivimus nos iterum rediturós esse.

XXXVIII

Nikola Tesla

I am Nikola Tesla, inventor and dreamer,

Sum Nikola Tesla, inventor et somniator,

My mind a canvas, ideas a streamer.

Mens meus tabula, ideis floritor.

Electricity was my greatest fascination,

Electricitas erat meus maximum fascination,

I harnessed its power, with great innovation.

Potentiam eius captavi, cum innovatione.

Alternating current, my greatest invention,

Currentis alternations, meus maximum inventio,

A world-changing feat, beyond comprehension.

Faciem mundi commutavit, supra comprehensionem.

My wireless transmissions, ahead of my time,

Mes transmissiones wireless, ante tempus meum,

A visionary, I paved the way for mankind.

Visus fui futurista, pro hominibus via sterni.

My work may have been overlooked,

Forsitan opera meus subestimata sunt,

But my legacy will never be mistook.

Sed meus legatum numquam fuit mista.

I am Nikola Tesla, forever in history,

Sum Nikola Tesla, semper in historia,

A genius ahead of my time, my legacy a mystery.

Genius ante tempus, meus legatum mysterium.

XXXIX

[ALT] Sol et Apollo

In search of love, we roam the land,
In amoris quaerenda via terram ambulamus,
A quest that we can't help but undertake.
Questus quos subire non possumus.

But too often, we find no helping hand,
Sed saepe manus amica desideratur,
Just others who are lost and merely fake.
Alii errantes ac demum finguntur.

I wander on, with hope and longing,
In hoc erro cum spe ac desiderio,
Hoping to find the one who'll take My heart,
Spe absum quem cor meum capiat,
But all around us, people seem to be thronging,
Sed in circuitu homines turba sunt,
Just waiting for love to come and do its part.
Qui amore iuvare magica baculo exspectant.

It seems that no one wants to put in the work,

Videtur nullus laborem adhibere velle,

To make a real connection and build a bond,

Verum conexiones exstruere et vinculum conserere,

Instead, they just hang about and lurk,

In loco latent, et impendere,

Waiting for love to happen like a magic wand.

Ut amor magica baculum fieri possit.

But when I finally find that special someone,

At ubi tandem meus invenitur amicus specialis,

We devour each other with passion and love,

Passione et amore nos consumimus,

Our hearts beating as one, in a symphony undone,

Una corda pulsantes, in symphonia dissoluta,

I revel in the joy that only true love can prove.

In gaudium veri amoris exsultamus.

So let us keep on searching, with hearts full of hope,

Itaque quaeramus pleni spe,

Knowing that one day, I'll find the one I seek,

Scientes me unum qui quaero inveniam,

And when I do, I'll cling to them and never let go,

Et cum inveniam, eum adhaerebo numquam deseram,

And in each other's love, our hearts will truly speak.

Et in amore mutuo, corda nostra vere loquentur.

Banana Man - Tally Hall

Do you see Banana man

Videsne virum bananam

Hopping over on the white hot sand

Saltitantem super harenam candentem

Here he come with some for me

Hic venit ad me cum aliquibus

Freshly taken from banana tree

Ab arbore recenti decerptis

Banana man, me want a ton

Vir banana, mihi tonnam volo

Give me double and a bonus one

Da mihi duplicem et unum extra

Give me more for all me friends

Da mihi plura pro omnibus amicis meis

Dis banana flow will never end

Fluctus bananarum numquam desinet

Do you want a banana ?

Visne bananam ?

Dis banana for you

Exfolia eam et vade

Do you want a banana ?

Visne bananam ?

Peel it down and go

Hanc bananam tibi do

Tonight we dance around a flame

Hac nocte saltamus circa flammam

Then we get to play spirit game

Postea lusimus ludum spiritus

Spirit names we shout out loud

Nomina spirituum clamamus fortiter

Shake the thunder from the spirit cloud

A nube spirituum tonitrum agitamus

All the songbirds in the tree

Omnes passeribus in arboribus

Chant a tune to let the spirits free
Cantant carmen ut spiritus liberentur

Then we see them in the night
Tunc eos in nocte videmus
Spirits jumpin' by the fire light
Look you, you're too uptight you know
Ecce, nimis strictus es
You can laugh and kick it back and go
Ridere et relaxare potes
But without a rhythm or a rhyme
Sed sine rhythmo aut carmina
You do not banana all the time
Non semper bananam habes
Fly away from city on the run
Fugiamus ab urbe in cursu
Try to make a little fun
Tentemus ludere

Look you, come to the bungalow

Venias ad bungalovium

African't you tell me don't you so

Africane dic mihi, nonne ita est ?

Don't you love the bumping of the drum

Amas tundere tamburum

Make you shake until the bum go numb

Facies agitare donec nates torpescant

Let the bongo play you till you drop

Sine fine bongo te ludet

Dis banana never stop (never stop, never stop)

Hac banana numquam cessabit (numquam cessabit, numquam cessabit)

Forget all your troubles and go with the flow

Obliviscere omnium curarum et fere quod ad flumen fertur

Forget about whatever you may never know

Obliviscere de rebus, quas numquam cognosces

Like whether whatever you are doing is whatever you should

Utrum quod facis id est quod facere debes

And whether anything you do is ever anything good

Necne quidquam agis bonum

And then forget about banana when it stick in your throat

Tunc obliviscere bananam, quae viscositas in gutture est

And when they make you wanna bellow but you're stuck in a choke

Quae stridorem faciunt, sed in tussi fluctuant

And you forget about the yellow from the colorful man who make you take another one

Et obliviscere flavum ex viro colorato, qui te aliam facere cogit

And make a mock of your plan

Et facti tui deridetur

Bungalay, Bungalow; make up your mind and tell me no

Bungalovium, bungalovium; eligas et dic mihi non

Well it's nine o'clock and it's getting dark

Hora est nona et tenebrae cadunt

And the sun is falling from the sky

Et sol cadit e caelo

I've never left so early and you may wonder why

Numquam tam cito discessi et forsitan miraberis cur

Tomorrow morning on the plane

Cras mane in aere

No banana make you go insane

Nulla banana te insania adiget

Floating back to busy town

Ad urbem occupatam fluitans

No banana make you want to frown

Nulla banana te tristem faciet

Do you want a banana ?

Visne bananam ?

Peel it down and go

Exfolia eam et vade

Do you want a banana ?

Visne bananam ?

This banana for you.

Hanc bananam tibi do.

XL

Wallce and Gromit

Inventor Wallace and his dog Gromit,

Wallace et Gromit, inventores,

Together they make quite a unit,

Tantum coniuncti, tam fortes,

From cracking cases to building machines,

Abstrusis negotiis et fabricando machinis,

Their adventures are never routine.

Nunquam sine periculo navigant.

" Cheese ! " Wallace shouts, as Gromit grins,

" Caseus ! " Wallace clamat, Gromit ridet,

Their partnership a joy to begin,

Societas eorum gaudium est omnibus praedit,

With a whirl and a pop, their latest contraption,

Cum turbine et crepitu, nova illorum machina,

Is ready to save the day without exception.

Latin Translation Here!

In their quaint little town of Wigan,

In urbe Wigan, pulcherrima,

Wallace and Gromit are always gamblin',

Wallace et Gromit semper ludent fortuna,

They'll risk it all to save the day,

Omnia offerunt ut diem servent,

And make sure justice finds its way.

Iustitiam semper servare student.

XLI

Satellite

Out here in space, all alone I roam,

In spatium solus curro,

A solo crew, to fix a satellite flown,

Solitarius vectis satellite concordari,

I step out, into the infinite unknown,

Deinde procedere in infinitum incognitum,

And suddenly I'm weightless, free to float and roam.

Et repente levis, liber fluitque vagari.

The stars, they twinkle and dance in the night,

Stellae micant et saltant nocte,

Galaxies swirl, and nebulae shine bright,

Galaxiae rotantur, Nebulae nitent luce,

My breath is taken, by this breathtaking sight,

Mihi visus praecipit hunc locum noce,

And I forget my task, overcome with delight.

Et officium oblitus deliciis sum.

But then I remember, I must stay on course,

Sed memini laborandum est,

So I grip my tools, and begin to force,

Itaque manu prehendo, agere coepi,

The satellite to work, to complete my task,

Satellitem operari, meum munus consummari,

While being pulled by the tether, a safety.

Cum vinculoque trahi, securitatis.

But I remember that I must work,

Sed memini laborandum est,

To operate the satellite, to complete my duty,

Satellitem operari, meum munus consummari,

To be dragged along with the bond, the duty of security.

Cum vinculoque trahi, securitatis munus.

Oh, space, how you astound and amaze,

O, spatium, quam stupes et miraris,

With your black holes and endless starry haze,

Cum tuis nigris foraminibus et aethereum tenebris,

I'll never forget, this moment in a daze,

Numquam obliviscar huius modi stuporis,

Of fixing a satellite, in your infinite grace.

Satellite condere, in tua infinita gratia.

XLII

42

Forty-two, the number of fate,
Quadraginta duo, numerus fati,
According to Douglas Adams, so great,
Secundum Douglas Adams, tam magni,
The answer to life's ultimate quest,
Responsio ad vitam ultimam quaestionem,
But what does it mean, we must digest.
Sed quid hoc significat, debemus cognoscere.

Some say it's just a joke, a clever ploy,
Dicunt alii iocum esse, dolose factum,

To keep us guessing, wondering, and annoyed,
Ut nos admirantes ac stupefacitum,
But perhaps there's more to this simple sum,
Sed forsitan hoc numerum simplicem,
A clue to a secret, yet to be undone.

Clavem habet occultam, nondum detectam.

Twice over, the number gains its might,
Duplum numero, vim suam accipit,
Eighty-four, a force to take on the fight,
Octoginta quattuor, fortitudinem emit,
To discover the truth, we must delve deep,
Ut veritatem discamus, profundius caevamus,
Into the mysteries of life, and its secrets to keep.
Vitae mysteria perscrutemur, secreta tenemus.

So let us ponder, reflect, and inquire,
Itaque meditemur, consideremus, quaeramus,
Until we unlock the secrets, and acquire,
Donec claves inveniamus, et acquiramus,
The knowledge and wisdom to understand,
Scientiam ac sapientiam ut intelligamus,
What life truly means, on this earth and land.
Quid sit vita vera, in hac terra quam habemus.

XLIII

Contemplations

Boys or men, it matters not,

Pueri vel viri, nihil refert,

Find solace in their smoking spot,

In loco fumo suo requiem quaerunt,

Where time slows down, and thoughts take flight,

Ubi tempus tardius fluit, mentes volant,

As they ponder, reflect, and ruminate with might.

Dum ruminant, meditant, cogitant incessanter.

With each inhale, they contemplate,

Inspirantes, contemplantes vident,

Their deepest fears, and their fate,

Suas maiores timores, sortem sui,

The universe's mysteries, and their place in it,

Mysteria universi, ac suum locum in eo,

As they ponder life's purpose, bit by bit.

Vitae propositum ruminantes, parsimoniae modo.

Their minds swirl with ideas and dreams,

Mentium illorum turbantur ideis et somniis,

As they muse, imagine, and scheme,

Dum cogitant, imaginant, et struunt, et regnant,

Of what could be, and what might have been,

Quid fieri possit, et quid fieri potuisset,

In a world of possibilities, yet unseen.

In mundo possibilitatum, nondum viso.

So let them smoke and contemplate,

Sic eos fumare et cogitare permittamus,

And ponder on their chosen fate,

Et de sorte sua ruminare,

For in those moments of quiet reflection,

Nam in illis momentis silentii et contemplationis,

They find peace, and a new direction.

Pacem et novam directionem inveniunt.

XLIV

Shadow, Umbra

Oh, the shadow of my self, So long have I run from thee,

O umbra mei ipsius, Tanto tempore fugisti,

But now I see, to reach my wealth,

Nunc autem video, ut meum opulentiam attingam,

I must leap over and be free.

Saltare debemus et liberari.

The darkness that trails behind,

Tenebrae quae sequuntur post nos,

Is but a mere reflection, Of the light within my mind,

Non est nisi imago, Lux mentis mei,

That seeks new directions.

Novas quaerit vias.

No longer will I be held down,

Non amplius premamur,

By the fears of my past, I'll leap and soar with a bound,

Timoribus pristinis, Saltabo et volabo cum impetu,

And my future will be vast.

Et futurum meum magnificum erit.

XLV

The World Beyond, Mundus Ultra

A new world I did see,

Novum mundum vidi,

A kaleidoscope of colors,

Calidoscopium colorum,

Flashed before me in fervor.

Ante me fervore fulsit.

Shapes twisted and turned,

Formae flexae suntque versa,

As I drifted and learned,

Dum derelictus sum et didici,

The secrets of the universe,

Secreta universi,

Were revealed in this verse.

In hoc carmine detegentur.

And there, before me,

Et illic, ante me,

A hall of faces stretched to infinity,
Sedes facierum ad infinitum pertendebat,
Each one unique and different,
Unusquisque unicus et diversus,
Yet all connected in a cosmic descent.
Sed omnes in coelesti progenie coniuncti.

Their eyes were full of knowledge,
Oculi eorum erant scientia pleni,
Of countless ages and innumerable times,
Saeculorum et temporum innumerabilium,
As ancient wisdom was whispered,
Dum vetus sapientia susurrabatur,
While the old wisdom was murmured,
Dum vetus sapientia murmuret,
And filled me with divine chimes.
Divinis sonis me replerent.

Their expressions shifted and changed,

Mutabantur vultus eorum,

As they danced to an unknown rhythm,

Dum ad ignotum rhythmem saltabant,

And I felt my own soul expand,

Et sensi animam meum expandere,

As I basked in their eternal hymn.

Dum in aeternum eorum hymnum fruebar.

In this hall of infinite faces,

In hac sede infinitarum facierum,

I found a glimpse of eternity,

Momentum aeternitatis inveni,

And I knew that in this moment,

Et sciebam in hoc momento,

I had transcended mere humanity.

Me excedere humana fragilitate.

I saw patterns and symbols,

Formae et symbolum vidi,

That filled me with awe,

Quae me admiratione impleverunt,

As I journeyed through dimensions,

Dum per dimensiones navigabam,

Beyond what I ever saw.

Ultra quod unquam videram.

My mind was a canvas,

Mens meus tabula erat,

And the visions painted on,

Et visa picta sunt,

Were a reminder of the beauty,

Eiusdem pulchritudinis recordatio,

That exists beyond what we've known.

Quae ultra id, quod novimus, existit.

XLVI

Budda

A prince once lived, Siddhartha was his name,
Princeps quondam vivebat, cui nomen Siddhartha,
Surrounded by wealth and fame,
Divitiis et fama circumdatus erat,
But he felt a calling to seek a new path,
Sed vocem accipebat qua novam viam quaereret,
One that would lead him to end all strife and wrath.
Unam quae duceret ad finem omnis belli ac irae.

He left his kingdom and life of pleasure,
Regno et vita voluptatum reliquit,

In search of a truth that could not measure,
Veritatem quaeritam, quae non mensuraretur,
He meditated under the Bodhi tree,
Sub arbore Bodhi meditavit,
And there he found enlightenment and felt free.
Et ibi illuminatus et liber factus est.

He taught of the Four Noble Truths,

Quatuor Veritates Nobilium docuit,

And the Eightfold Path that soothes,

Octo-partem viam monstravit quae leniat,

He showed a way to end suffering and pain,

Viam ad finem doloris et crucis,

And taught that all life was precious and not in vain.

Docuit omnem vitam pretiosam esse et non frustra datam.

His teachings spread across the land,

Doctrinae eius per terram sparserunt,

And followers grew with each command,

Et sequaces creverunt ex suo mandato,

His legacy lives on even today,

Haereditas eius usque hodie vivit,

As we seek to follow his noble way.

Dum nobilis eius sequimur viam.

XLVII

[ALT] Too Much Love for Time to, Hold, Amor Nimius est, Quem Tempus Capere non Potest.

Two lovers lost in space and time,

Due amantes in spatio et tempore errantes,

Their hearts entwined in love divine,

Cordibus amor divinus illis arcte coniunctus,

Souls intertwined, they were meant to be,

Animi nexu implicati, facti sunt ad invicem,

Together forever, just you and me.

Coniuncti in perpetuum, solus tu et ego.

When they're close, the world stands still,

Cum propius sint, mundus stat immotus,

And time is frozen, nothing to fulfill,

Tempus congelatur, nihil perficiendum est,

They hold each other, never to let go,

Invicem amplectuntur, numquam separabuntur,

The love they share, it continues to grow.

Amor quem alter alteri gerit, semper crescit.

With each embrace, they feel complete,

In pleno amore, se completos sentiunt,

Their love, a passion that can't be beat,

Amor, quod non potest alteri aemulari,

They spend eternity, just holding tight,

Aeternitatem effundunt, in lumine stellae,

Wrapped in love, under starry light.

Inveniuntur, involuti amore.

When they must part, time resumes,

Cum fieri debeat, separari debent,

But their love still shines, like distant moons,

Sed amor eorum, ut distantia luna,

They do not age, but the world moves on,

Non senescit, mundus tamen currere continuat,

And their love remains, forever strong.

Sed amor eorum, sempiternum ac fortissimum manet.

In moments frozen, they can move free,

In momentis congelatis, liberum sibi motum habent,

A love that's boundless, for all to see,

Amor immensus, omnibus apparet,

And though they may be star-crossed still,

Et quamvis fortuna eos disiunxerit,

Their love will last, beyond any hill.

Amor eorum, ultra colles se extendit.

For they are soulmates, meant to be,

Nam animae eorum, cohaerent perfecte,

Together forever, just you and me,

In perpetuum coniuncti, solus tu et ego,

A love so strong, it can never die,

Amor tantus, nunquam moriturus,

Two star-crossed lovers, reaching for the sky.

Duobus in amore errantibus, in caelum se extollentibus.

Teletype - Everything Everything

So many big ol' lies to choose from now,

Tam multae magnae mendacia nunc eligere potes,

Are you listening, are you breathing, are you coming up with, some ?

Audisne ? Spirasne ? Aliquid cogitasne ?

And what if I sell my soul ?

Et si animum meum vendam ?

And what if I don't ?

Et si non faciam ?

Ooh, it's easy to lie when nothing makes sense anymore.

O, facile est mentiri, cum nihil sensum faciat.

Don't talk a lot,

Non multum loquere,

You don't talk a lot but I like it,

Non multum loqueris, sed mihi placet,

'Cause I can't tell you everything that went on,

Nam non possum tibi omnia dicere,

Can't tell you everything that went on,

Non possum tibi omnia dicere,

Don't talk a lot,

Non multum loquere,

You don't talk a lot but I like it,

Non multum loqueris, sed mihi placet,

'Cause I can't tell you everything that went on,

Nam non possum tibi omnia dicere,

Can't tell you everything that went on.

Non possum tibi omnia dicere.

Gonna take a bit,

Modicum sumpturum est,

Maybe this will take a little time to heal.

Fortasse hoc paulum tempus est ad sanandum.

'Cause I'm hurting,

Quia doleo,

And I don't want to go back down inside of me,

Et nolo retro iterum descendere,

And where is my sense of joy ?

Et ubi est sensus gaudii mei ?

It's creeping back in.

Revertitur paulatim.

Yeah, I'm a liar but I'm lying next to you and you don't care.

Ita, mendax sum, sed tecum iaceo et nihil tibi refert.

Don't talk a lot,

Non multum loquere,

You don't talk a lot but I like it,

Non multum loqueris, sed mihi placet,

'Cause I can't tell you everything that went on,

Nam non possum tibi omnia dicere,

Can't tell you everything that went on.

Non possum tibi omnia dicere.

But it's alright,

Sed bene est,

I feel alright, yeah, I feel good,

Latin Translation Here

I feel okay if this is the big time,

Bene me sentio, etiam bonum sentio,

If this is the big time.

Satis mihi est, si hoc est magnum tempus.

Then I feel good,

Tunc bene me sentio,

Ooh, you might be everything that I want,

O, potes esse omnia quae volo,

You might be everything that I want.

Potes esse omnia quae volo.

XLVIII

Frogo, Rana

In a pond, near a ground lily,
In stagno, prope lilium terrae,
Lived a little frog, small and silly.
Vivebat ranunculus parvus et fatuus.

He loved to hop on lily pads,
Saltare in foliis lilii amabat,
In search of bugs and other snacks.
Bug et ceteris gustibus quaerendis.

The ground lily, with petals white,
Lilium terrae, cum petalis albis,
Was a beautiful sight in the light.
Spectaculum pulchrum in lumine erat.

The frog watched it, day and night,
Ranunculus aspiciebat, die noctuque,
And dreamed of living in such a sight.

Et in tali aspectu habitare somniabat.

But he was content, where he lived,

Sed contentus erat, ubi vivebat,

Next to the lily, his life he lived.

Iuxta lilium, vitam suam agebat.

He sang and played, he never hid,

Cantabat ludens, numquam se abdebat,

And enjoyed every moment he was given.

Et gaudium ex omni momento capiebat.

XLIX

Wants & Wishes, Opta & Vota

Wants and wishes, we all have some,
Optanda et vota, nobis omnibus sunt,
Dreams of success and things to come.
Succesuum et futurorum somnia adveniunt.
A yearning for love, and to be loved,
Cupido amoris, et amari,
And the desire for happiness above.
Felicitatis desiderium superari.

But wants and wishes can be a curse,
Sed optanda et vota, maledictio est,

When they become an obsession, it's worse.
Cum obsessio fit, pior est.

We chase them, day and night,
Persequimur ea, die noctuque,
And forget to enjoy life's delight.

Et obliviscimur vitae delectu.

So cherish your wants and wishes, but beware,

Ita optanda et vota tuis gaude, sed cave,

Don't let them consume you, or you'll despair.

Non te absumas, alioquin desperabis.

Remember to live in the moment, be aware,

Vivere in momento meminisse, est securus,

And let life take you on a journey, rare.

Vitae te in itinere raro capit.

L

L

To lose, to lose, I have lost,

Perdere, perdere, perdidi,

I tried to play, but fought poorly,

Conatus sum ludere, sed male pugnavi,

Victory eludes me, sadness takes hold.

Difficile est ferre victoriam amisam.

Victory has eluded me, sadness has overtaken me

Victoria mihi evasit, tristitia invasit.

My sorrows will not end.

Maeror meus non finietur.

Taking Ls is hard to bear,

Difficile est ferre victoriam amisam,

Defeat can leave us feeling bare.

Victoria nobis amota corpus nudat.

But do not let it bring you down,

Sed ne sinas te deprimere,

Stand tall and try again, you'll wear the crown.

Surge altior et iterum conare, coronam gerere poteris.

LI

Of Course Bread, Itaque Panem

Flour and water, the beginning of bread,

Farina et aqua, initium panis,

Combined by kneading, hammered and wed.

Coniunctae per fricandum, malleandum, cuneandumque.

Soft dough, like flesh, comes alive,

Mollis massa, ut caro, vivit,

Awaits in a warm place, to rise and thrive.

Exspectat in loco calido, ut crescat et vigeat.

From bed, the bowl is prepared,

Ex lecto, paratur catinus,

Dough is touched and gently cared,

Massa tangitur leniterque curatur,

Formed into a loaf, ready to eat.

In formam panis ficitur, ut edatur.

In the oven, fragrant bread we meet.

In furno, fragrans panis occurrit nobis.

Warm bread, a fingernail away from heaven,

Panis calidus, ungue ad caelum propior,

Soft and fresh, like a gift from the oven.

Mollis et recens, quasi munus ex fornace.

The kneading process, a labor of love,

Fricandi processus, labor amoris,

Bread, a simple pleasure, sent from above.

Panis, simplex voluptas, de caelo missa.

LII

Cycle, Cyclus

Breaking the cycle of death and birth,
Circulus vitae nos rotat, at semper eodem loco,
A journey towards freedom, beyond this earth,
Reditus et nascentia, in ciclo sine fine torno,
A quest to find the end of the endless cycle,
Sine termino continuatur, plenus dolorum,
To escape the pain and the suffering's spiky icicle.
Finitus visus, hic nulla spes.

Round and round we go, in life's merry-go-round,
Rumpere circulum mortis et renascendi,
In an endless cycle, like a rat race so profound,
Iter ad libertatem, ultra terram hanc ferri,
Birth, death, and rebirth, like a never-ending ride,
Inquisitionem ad finem finiendi circulum,
A cycle that continues, with no end in sight.
Dolore et cruciatu iciclis effugendi.

But there comes a time, when we must break free,

Sed venit tempus, quando debemus liberari,

From this cycle of birth and mortality,

De nascendi et moriendi circulo continuari,

To find the truth, and the meaning of our existence,

Veritatem invenire, vitae significationem,

To escape this cycle, and find true transcendence.

Effugere hoc circulo, transcendere ad altitudinem.

To break the cycle, we must seek the light,

Ut circulum rumpamus, lux invenienda est,

To find the truth, that shines so bright,

Veritatem invenire, quae fulget clara et pulchra est,

To realize the oneness, that exists within us all,

Intellegere unum, quod in nobis omnibus inest,

To rise above the cycle, and heed the higher call.

Transcendere circulum, voce altiore obtemperest.

Let go of attachments, and all the ties that bind,

Relinque amplexus, et quod tenet fortiter,

For the cycle of birth and death, they have designed,
Nascendi et moriendi circulum illum placet,

Surrender to the All father, and let go of all fears,
Divino parere, omnes metus remittentur,
And find the peace, that has eluded us for years.
Invenire pacem, quae nobis diu evaserunt.

Breaking the cycle, is not an easy task,
Rumpere circulum, non est facile munus,
It requires effort, and strength to surpass,
Necessaria est virtus, quae supra omnia existat,
But when we break free, from this endless ride,
Sed quando liberati fuerimus, ex cursu semper eodem,
We find the freedom, that we've been denied.
Inveniemus libertatem, quam nobis denegavit saeculum.

So let us break free, from this cycle of birth,
Ergo rumpamus, nascendi circulum,
And find the truth, that lies beyond this earth,
Veritatem invenire, ultra terram hanc ferri,

To transcend this life, and rise to greater heights,

Transcendere vitam, ad altitudinem surgere,

Breaking the cycle, and finding true delights.

Rumpere circulum, veram voluptatem invenire.

LIII

Pantheon

In ancient Rome, the gods reigned supreme,
In ancienta Roma, dei supremum regnaverunt,
In the grand pantheon, they did convene,
In magnifico pantheone conveniebant,
A council of gods, with power to spare,
Consilium deorum, potentia superflua,
Each with their own domain, and divine flair.
Unusquisque suum dominium habebat, et divinum decus.

Jupiter, king of the gods, with thunder in hand,
Iuppiter, rex deorum, fulmine in manu,

Ruler of the skies, with power so grand,
Rector caeli, potentia tam magna,
Mars, god of war, with a fierce heart,
Mars, deus belli, corde feroci,
Feared by all, he played a deadly part.
Ametur ab omnibus, mortale ludens.

Venus, goddess of love, with beauty to behold,

Venus, dea amoris, pulchritudine ornata,

Aphrodite's Roman counterpart, her power so bold,

Aphrodite Romana, potentia tam audax,

Neptune, god of the sea, with a trident in hand,

Neptunus, deus maris, tridente in manu,

Powerful and wise, he ruled the ocean's expanse.

Potens et sapiens, regnavit pelagi spatium.

Apollo, god of the sun, with music in her soul,

Apollo, deae solis, musica in animo,

Healing and prophecy, her power took a toll,

Sanitatem et divinationem potestatem habuit,

Diana, goddess of the hunt, with bow in hand,

Diana, dea venationis, arcu in manu,

Mistress of the wild, and protector of the land.

Dominatrix silvae, et defensor terrae.

Mercury, messenger of the gods, with winged feet,

Mercurius, nuntius deorum, pedibus alatis,

Swift and agile, his power was neat,

Celer et agilis, potentia erat bene ordinata,

Minerva, goddess of wisdom, with a sharp mind,

Minerva, dea sapientiae, mente acuta,

She was the goddess of strategy, her power aligned.

Dea strategiae, potentia ei coniuncta.

The Roman pantheon was a diverse crew,

Romanorum pantheon erat variegatum agmen,

With gods and goddesses, and powers anew,

Deis et deabus et potentia novis,

Each with their own light, and their own might,

Singuli cum sua luce et sua virtute,

They ruled the ancient world, through power and light.

Per potentiam et lucem, mundum antiquum regnaverunt.

LIV

My Keep, Meum Castrum

In the realm of dreams, I roam with ease,

In mundo somnorum libere vagor,

Where reality fades, and fantasies seize.

Ubi realitas evanescit et fantasia capitur.

And in this world of boundless possibility,

Et in hoc mundo infinitorum possibilitatum,

I erect a castle, grand and full of majesty.

Aedifico castrum, magnum et plenum maiestatis.

With every dream that passes by,

Cum omni somnio quod praeterit,

My castle grows with each stone I ply,

Castrum meum crescere, cuius singulum lapidem infero,

A city so vast, it touches the sky,

Urbs adeo magna, tangit caelum,

And its beauty never fails to catch the eye.

Et pulchritudo eius numquam desinit oculum capere.

With my bare hands, I toil and mold,

Manibus nudis laboro et formo,

Each rock and pebble that makes it hold,

Saxum et calculus quod tenet,

And in every dream, its story is told,

Et in omni somnio eius historia narratur,

As it stands tall, mighty and bold.

Ut stat, alta, potens et audax.

Amidst the mist and clouds, it towers high,

Inter nebulam et nubes, in sublime turris,

A symbol of my dreams that can never die,

Symbolum somniorum meorum, quae numquam moriuntur,

A sanctuary of hope, where dreams never lie,

Refugium spei, ubi numquam mentitur,

And all my fears and doubts, wither and die.

Et omnes timores et dubia marcescunt.

And though the morning light may come,

Et quamvis prima lux veniat,

And wake me from this world of fun,
Et me ex hoc mundo gaudii expergiscatur,
My castle remains, an epic outcome,
Castrum meum manet, epicum eventum,
Of what I can create with a simple hum.
Potestatem mentis mei vocis creare.

For in my dreams, I am a builder,
Nam in somniis meis faber sum,
A maker of worlds, both big and small,
Creator mundorum, magnorum ac parvorum,
And my castle is but a pillar,
Et meus castellum non nisi columna est,
Of the power of my mind's call.
Mentis mei vocis potentia constitutum.

LV

JoJo

In Jojo's bizarre adventure, the tale unfolds,

In Jojo's bizarre adventure, fabula detegitur,

With Parts 1 through 3, the story's told,

Partibus 1 per 3, historia narratur,

Jonathan Joestar, the hero of Part 1,

Jonathan Joestar, heros Partis 1,

Fights Dio Brando, his childhood friend undone.

Contra Dio Brandum pugnat, amicum aetate depunctum.

Next, Joseph Joestar takes the lead in Part 2,

Josephus Joestar Parte 2 principatum capit,

Fights Aztec Pillar Men, and saves the crew,

Contra Columnas Aztecas pugnat, et socios liberat,

He overcomes the enemy, it’s right, in the city and the field.

Superatque hostes, ut oportet, in urbe et agro.

With Harmon's power, he fights for good,

Harmoniam tenens, pro bono pugnat,

And overcomes his foes, as he knows he should.

Et superat hostes suos, ut scit debere.

Part 3 introduces the Stand, a power to wield,

Parte 3, Stands introducuntur, potestas haec nova,

Jotaro and his crew, their fate is sealed,

Jotaro et comites, in fato posita,

As they fight Dio, an immortal foe,

Contra Dio, hostem immortalem pugnant,

The struggle is intense, and it is uncertain what will happen,

Pugna intensa est, et incertum est quid eveniat,

The battle's intense, and the stakes are high, you know.

Pleina actionis, dramatis, et misteriorum. Te scis.

The Pillar Men return in a cameo role,

Columnae ut exosae redeunt partim,

Their powers and might, remain a key role,

Vires ac potentia claves sunt,

As the story comes to a thrilling end,

Fabula finitur cum accensione,

One hero falls, and we lose a friend.

Amicus una cadit, nos dolent.

Abdul's death, a sad and tragic loss,

Mors Abduli, tristis et luctuosa,

Jojo's bizarre adventure, a tale to behold,

Jojo's bizarre adventure, historia admiranda,

Full of action and drama, and stories untold. But the story moves on, without pause,

Fabula tamen pergit sine ulla pausa,

LVI

[ALT] Atlas’ Arms, Atlantis Bracchi

Atlas, the Titan of old,

Atlas, Titanus anticus,

A burden on his shoulders did hold,

Onera umeris gerit ingentibus,

A world so vast, a weight so grand,

Mundum tam vastum, tam grave pondus,

A task to carry it across the land.

Per terras portare est officium suum.

His sinews strained beneath the weight,

Ferri vis nervis suis premuntur,

A burden that could seal his fate,

Onus quod fatum ei esse posset,

But Atlas stood, unwavering and strong,

Sed Atlas stat firmus, inamovibilis et fortis,

A constant presence to which we belong.

Conspectus constans cui omnes pertinemus.

He holds the world, a steadfast guide,

Mundum tenet, dux firmus,

In a cosmic dance that can't be denied,

In chorea cosmica quae negari non potest,

A force that binds us all as one,

A constant reminder of all that's done.

But what before held the world aloft,

Verum quid sustinuit mundum priusquam Atlas,

When Atlas took on this lofty task so fraught ?

Hanc gravem tenuit molem graviorem ?

Did some other Titan or god take the weight,

An alius Titan vel deus sustinuit pondus,

Before Atlas accepted this dire fate ?

Antequam Atlas sortem accepit horridam?

Perhaps it was Chaos, the primordial force,

Forsan erat Chaos, vis primigenia,

Or Gaia, the mother of all, the source,

Vel Gaia, mater omnium et fons vitae,

But whatever it was, it's now forlorn,

Sed quicquid illud fuit, iam desolatum est,

As Atlas carries the weight, never to be shorn.

Atlas pondus fert, nunquam abscindendum.

And so we look upon Atlas with awe,

Et ita suspicimus Atlas mirati,

As he holds the world, its axis and all,

Mundum tenentem, axem atque omnia,

A symbol of strength and steadfastness,

Symbolum fortitudinis ac constantiae,

A reminder of our own resilience and blessedness.

Monumentum nostrae propriæ resistentiæ ac beatitudinis.

BEE, APIA

According to all known laws of aviation,

Secundum omnes notos leges aviationis,

There is no way a bee should be able to fly.

Non est via qua apis volare possit.

Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off the ground.

Alae eius nimis parvae sunt ut efficiant ut pingue corpus ab terra tollatur.

The bee, of course,

Apis tamen, certe,

Flies anyway because bees don't care what humans think is impossible.

Volat quia apes non curant quid humanae existiment esse impossibile.

Yellow, black. Yellow, black. Yellow, black. Yellow, black. Ooh, black and yellow!

Flava, nigra. Flava, nigra. Flava, nigra. Flava, nigra. Oh, nigra et flava!

Let's shake it up a little. Barry!

Agitaremus illud parumper. Barrie!

Breakfast is ready! Coming!

Iam est tempus cenae! Veni!

Hang on a second. Hello ? - Barry ? - Adam ? - Can you believe this is happening ? - I can't. I'll pick you up.

Suspende paulisper. Salvete ? - Barrie ? - Adam ? - Potes credere hoc evenire ? on possum. Veniam ut te accipiam.

Looking sharp.

Nitide adparatus es.

Use the stairs.

Scalas utere.

Your father paid good money for those.

Pater tuus bonam pecuniam dedit pro illis.

Sorry. I'm excited. Here's the graduate.

Me excusa, sum excitatus. Ecce gradus.

We're very proud of you, son.

Satis sumus tui superbe, fili mi.

A perfect report card, all B's.

Optima litterarum formula, omnes B's.

Very proud. Ma! I got a thing going here.

Sumus maxime superbe. Ma! Hic aliquid mihi exest.

You got lint on your fuzz. - Ow! That's me!

Pulvis est in villo tuo. - Heus! Ipse ego sum!

Wave to us! We'll be in row 118,000.

Agita manu ad nos! In fila 118,000 erimus.

Bye! Barry, I told you, stop flying in the house!

Vale! Barrie, dixi tibi, desine in domo volare!

Hey, Adam. - Hey, Barry. - Is that fuzz gel ?

Heus, Adam. - Salve, Barrie. - Gel estne illud in villo ?

A little. Special day, graduation.

Parvum. Dies specialis, graduatio.

Never thought I'd make it.

Nunquam putavi me id perficere posse.

Three days grade school,

Tres dies scholae primariae,

Three days high school.

Tres dies scholae secondariae.

Those were awkward. Three days college.

Illi dies non sine molestia fuerunt. Tres dies universitatis.

I'm glad I took a day and hitchhiked around the hive.

Feliciter navigavi cum alveario.

You did come back different. - Hi, Barry. -

Rediisti aliter. - Salve, Barrie. -

Artie, growing a mustache ? Looks good. - Hear about Frankie ?

Artie, moscham colis ? Bene cadit tibi. - Audisti de Frankie ?

Yeah. - You going to the funeral ?

Ita. - Ibis ad funus ?

No, I'm not going. Everybody knows, sting someone, you die.

Non eo. Omnes sciunt, si aliquem pungas, morieris.

Don't waste it on a squirrel. Such a hothead.

Ne eum conteras ad sciurum. Tamquam ira calefactus.

I guess he could have just gotten out of the way.

Forsitan vitare potuit.

I love this incorporating an amusement park into our day.

Optime mihi placet haec adiectio parci ludici nostri.

That's why we don't need vacations. Boy, quite a bit of pomp...

Hoc causa est quare non necessitamus de vacationibus. Hoc est plurima...

Under the circumstances. - Well, Adam, today we are men. -

Sub istis circumstantiis. - Bene, Adam, hodie viri sumus. -

We are! - Bee-men. -

Ita sumus! - Apimontes. -

Amen! Hallelujah! Students,

Amen! Alleluia! Studiosi,

Faculty, distinguished bees, please welcome Dean Buzzwell. Welcome, New Hive Oity graduating class of…

Facultas, apes distinctae, salutate Decanum Buzzwell. Salve, Nova Urbs Apium, coetus

…9:15. That concludes our ceremonies. And begins your career at Honex Industries! Will we pick ourjob today ?

…9:15 qui nunc suum studium in Honex coepturi sunt. Hac die eligemus nostrum munus ?

I heard it's just orientation.

Audivi non esse nisi orientationem.

Heads up! Here we go. Keep your hands and antennas inside the tram at all times. - Wonder what it'll be like ? - A little scary.

Attende! Coepturi sumus. Antennae et manus intus tramite semper tenete. - Quae sit, censes ? - Aliquantulum horripilans.

LVII

[ALT] Let It Come, Sinite Venire

Let your heart be free,

Sine corde tuo vaga,

Write what comes, you have nothing else.

Scribis quod venit, nihil aliud habes.

No matter how bad,

Saepe sicut malum,

You can always revisit it.

Semper revidere potes.

Ideas are what you need,

Ideae sunt quae opus est tibi,

They only live in your memory for so long.

Vivunt tantum in memoria.

You need to keep them all,

Omnes servare debes,

As you get better, you can improve them into something you can love.

Ut meliores fias, eas in aliquid amabile mutare potes.

Improving into love.

Meliorans in amorem.

You only need one happy memory,

Memoriae una laetitiae sufficit,

And the rest is poetry.

Et cetera poesis est.

Let your pen dance across the page,

Scribit pennae saltantis per paginam,

Creating beauty that will never age.

Creans decorem numquam senesciturum.

Words become your canvas,

Verba fiunt tela,

Your imagination the paint.

Imaginatio pingit.

Expressing yourself with every stroke,

Expressus omni tractu,

Until your masterpiece is complete.

Donec tua perfectio sit.

So don't be afraid to write,

Noli timere scribere,

Let your creativity take flight.

Permitte creativitatem tuae volare.

For with every word you put down,

Nam cum omni verbo quod scribis,

A new idea can be found.

Nova idea inveniri potest.

And with each rhyme that you create,

Et cum omni rithmo quem creas,

You'll find a little piece of yourself to celebrate.

Festinas parvum ex te celebrare.

So write what's in your heart and soul,

Scribit ergo quod animo tuo est,

Let the words flow and take control.

Verba fluere et potestatem habere.

For every thought that you conceive,

Nam quae cogitas,

Can become the next masterpiece you leave.

Pars magna tuae artis esse potest.

And when you look back on what you've written,

Et cum respicis quid scripseris,

You'll see your growth and be smitten.

Vidisti crescentem gratiam.

For poetry is a journey, not a race,

Nam poesis iter est, non certamen,

So keep on writing and embrace its grace.

Scribere perpetuo et adiuvare est eius gratiam.

Do You Like Jazz ?, Jazz placet ?

Wait! Don't kill him!

Expecta! Noli eum occidere!

You know I'm allergic to them! This thing could kill me!

Scis me esse allergicum ad eos! Hoc animal me occidere posset!

Why does his life have less value than yours ? Why does his life have any less value than mine ?

Cur vita eius minus valore est quam tua ? Cur vita eius minus valore est quam meus ? Hocne est tuum argumentum ?

Is that your statement ? I'm just saying all life has value. You don't know what he's capable of feeling.

Dico solum omnem vitam valere. Non scis quid sentire capax sit.

My brochure! There you go, little guy. I'm not scared of him. It's an allergic thing. Put that on your resume brochure.

Brochure meus! Ecce, parvule amice. Non timeo eum. Allergia est. Id in curriculum vitae tuo pone.

My whole face could puff up. Make it one of your special skills. Knocking someone out is also a special skill. Right. Bye, Vanessa. Thanks.

Faciem meum totam inflare posset. Unum ex tuis talentis specialem reddere possum: aliquem contundere. Recte. Vale, Vanessa. Gratias tibi ago. - Vanessa, proxima septimana ? Nocte lactis ? - Certum, Ken. Quodcumque.

Vanessa, next week ? Yogurt night ? - Sure, Ken. You know, whatever. - You could put carob chips on there. - Bye.

Poses ibi carob globulos adicere. - Vale. - Potes illum minuere ad calorias. - Vale.

Supposed to be less calories. - Bye. I gotta say something. She saved my life. I gotta say something. All right, here it goes. Nah. What would I say ?

Algo dicendum est. Vitam meum servavit. Algo dicendum est. Bene, agitur. Non. Quid dicerem ?

I could really get in trouble. It's a bee law. You're not supposed to talk to a human. I can't believe I'm doing this. I've got to. Oh, I can't do it.

Multum in discrimine sum. Lex apum est. Humanum non loqui licet. Credere non possum quod hoc facio. Faciendum est. Oh, facere non possum! Age,

Come on! No. Yes. No. Do it. I can't. How should I start it ?

Iunge! Non. Ita est. Non. Facere debeo. Quomodo coeperim ?

" You like jazz ? "

" Jazz placet ? "

No, that's no good. Here she comes! Speak, you fool! Hi! I'm sorry. - You're talking

Non, haud placet. Venit illa! Loquere, stulte! Salvete! Mihi paenitet. - Loqueris.

Yes, I know. You're talking! I'm so sorry. No, it's OK. It's fine. I know I'm dreaming. But I don't recall going to bed.

Ita, scio. Loqueris! Mihi paenitet. Non, non grave. Somniare me puto, sed non memini me cubuisse.

Well, I'm sure this is very disconcerting. This is a bit of a surprise to me. I meun, you're a bee! I am. And I'm not supposed to be doing this, but they were all trying to kill me. And if it wasn't for you... I had to thank you.

Hoc plane perturbans est. Mehercule, apes es! Ita est. Nec loqui debeo, sed omnes me interficere conabantur. Si non fuisset pro te... Tibi gratias habere oportuit.

It's just how I was raised. That was a little weird. - I'm talking with a bee. - Yeah. I'm talking to a bee.

Sic enim sum institutus. Aliquid absurdus. - Loquor cum ape. - Ita. Cum ape loquor, et ape mecum loquitur!

And the bee is talking to me! I just want to say I'm grateful. I'll leave now. - Wait! How did you learn to do that ? - What ? The talking thing. Same way you did, I guess.

Gratias tibi solum agere volo. Nunc abibo. - Expecta! Quomodo hoc didicisti ? - Quid ? Id quod tu modo facis.

LVIII

IKEA

Amidst the aisles of IKEA,

Inter aulas IKEA,

I found myself one day,

Me ibi repperi una die,

In search of a new bookshelf,

Quaerebam nova armarium,

But soon I lost my way.

Sed mox viam erravi.

The arrows on the floor,

Indicatores in pavimento,

Led me down each path and turn,

Me perducere per omnes flexus,

But as I walked and walked,

Sed, dum ambulabam,

The store began to churn.

Instar labyrinthi locus factus est.

The more I tried to find my way,

Quo magis viam quaerebam,

The more lost I seemed to be,

Eo magis errabam,

The maze of furniture and decor,

Mobilia et ornatus maze,

Was like a labyrinth to me.

Ut labyrinthus mihi videbatur.

I passed by kitchens, bathrooms,

Transii per culinas, lavatorios,

Bedrooms, living rooms galore,

Camerulas, et cubicula plena,

And with each step I took,

Et quoquo progressus sum,

I felt like I'd been here before.

Videri mihi, me huc antea venisse.

The lighting changed, the carpets too,

Lux mutavit, tapetes quoque,

The colors all merged into one,

Colores omnes in unum confluxerunt.

And though I tried to retrace my steps,

Et quamvis tentarem repetere gressus meos,

The journey had just begun.

Iter modo coeperat.

I asked for help, but no one came,

Auxilium rogavi, sed nemo venit,

I was alone in this endless place,

Solus eram in loco innumerabili,

And though I tried to stay calm,

Et etsi tentabam placidum manere,

And then I saw a ray of hope,

Sed tunc vidi splendorem spei,

A sign that said " exit this way ",

Signum " exitus hac via " dicebat,

And with renewed determination,

Ita cum renovata voluntate,

I started walking without delay.

Ambulare coepi sine mora.

And after what felt like an eternity,

Et postquam fere aeternitatem duravit,

I finally found my way out,

Tandem exitum inveni,

Breathless, lost, but also relieved,

Halitus fessus, errans, sed etiam levatus,

To know what this labyrinth was all about.

Ut labyrinthus quid esset cognoscerem.

So if you find yourself in IKEA,

Itaque si te in IKEA invenias,

Beware of the twists and turns,

Caveant te flexus et gressus,

For it's easy to get lost in there,

Nam facile ibi errare est,

And it may take a while to return.

Et tempus forte multum opus erit ad reditum.

LIX

Imperium Romanum

The Roman Empire, mighty and grand,
Imperium Romanum, potentissimum et grandissimum,
Stretched across the vastest of lands,
Per vastissimas terras porrectum est,
From Britannia to Mesopotamia,
A Britannia usque ad Mesopotamiam,
Its legions marched with bold euphoria.
Suas legiones cum audacia gaudiosa iter facere.

I, a mere peasant from a humble abode,
Ego, pauper rusticus ex humili tecto,

Dreamed of serving the Empire with my load,
Servire Imperio cum onere meo somniavi,
Yearned to don the armor and hold the spear,
Loricam induere hastamque tenere cupiebam,
And march with the ranks without fear.
Et cum contubernio sine metu iter facere.

To be a foot soldier, one of the few,

Miles pedester, pauci tantum,

Was a calling that only the brave pursue,

Ad quod fortissimi vocantur,

For on the battlefield, death was certain,

In bello mors certa est,

But honor and glory were the ultimate curtain.

Sed honor et gloria ultimum est velum.

With discipline and training, I prepared,

Disciplina et exercitatione praeparatus,

To face the enemies with courage and flair,

Hostibus cum virtute aciebus obviavi,

To protect the Empire, my duty and pride,

Imperium tutare, mihi ius et virtus,

And to stand with my comrades side by side.

Et cum commilitonibus una stare.

I marched with my legion, my heart pounding,

Cum legione meus, corde meo fervente,

To the battlefield where blood was abounding,
In campum ubi sanguis fluere coepit, marschiavi,
With each step, my fear diminished,
Cujusque progressu timor minuabatur,
And my confidence and courage flourished.
Et fiducia et fortitudo meus crescere.

The clash of swords and the cries of war,
Gloria belli et strepitus armorum,
Were a symphony that I'd never heard before,
Symphonia erat quae nunquam audita antea,
With every strike and every thrust,
Omni ferro ictu et ictu pugnavi,
I fought with all my heart and trust.
Totum meum cor et fidem tradidi.

Though the battle was fierce and long,
Licet pugna acerrima et longa fuerit
And many of my comrades had fallen,
Multis commilitonibus mortuis,

I stood victorious, my heart full of pride,

Victrix steti, corde meo pleno laetitia,

And my dream of serving the Empire fulfilled inside.

Et somnus meus servitii Imperio implevit.

The Roman Empire, mighty and grand,

Imperium Romanum, potentissimum et grandissimum,

Stood tall with its foot soldiers at hand,

A ltum stetit,cum militibus suis elatis,

And I, one of them, a proud warrior,

Et ego, unus ex illis, fortis miles,

For the Empire, my loyalty forever.

Pro Imperio, fidelis in aeternum.

LX

The Sun Never Sets, Sol Numquam Occidit

As a soldier in the British Empire I stand,

Miles in Imperio Britannico sto,

Proud and tall in my red coat, sword in hand,

Altus et praeclarus, ense in manu, tunica rubra indutus,

With our size unmatched and our might renowned,

Magnitudine nostrum nulli par, robore clarissimi,

We march with purpose, our duty unbound.

Ambulamus cum studio, officium nostrum invictum.

Our uniforms shine in the sun's bright rays,

Vestimenta nostra solis radiis coruscant,

As we march through lands, to distant bays,

Cum in terris longinquis, ad sinus distantes ambulamus,

Our red coats signaling to friend and foe,

Tunicas rubras amicis hostibusque significantes,

That we are the British Empire, our power on show.

Nos Imperium Britannicum, potentiam nostram ostentantes.

Yet, it's not all grandeur, we face many a trial,

Sed non omnia sunt splendida, multas angustias patimur,

As we march through lands, mile after mile,

Cum in terris, milliarde post milliarde ambulamus,

And one day, in the market, I saw,

Et quadam die in foro, vidi,

An elephant on rampage, breaking all law.

Elephantum effrenem, ius universum violantem.

With my musket raised, I took aim and fired,

Musculo meo elevato, ad belluam tetendi,

Aimed to quell the beast, my heart mired,

Ad eam comprimendam, cor meum frustatus,

In sadness, for such a magnificent creature,

Tristitia obrutus, tantus animal,

Had to die, in a moment of lost composure.

Morte afficere, in momenti impulsu.

But such is the price of duty and honor,

Sed tali pretio dignitatis et honoris meremur,

For we soldiers of the British Empire,

Nam nos milites Imperii Britannici,

Stand firm in the face of adversity and danger,

In adversis et periculis stando firmi sumus,

Ready to protect and defend, and to never falter.

Tutandis defendendisque parati, nunquam cedemus.

So, as I march on, with my comrades by my side,

Ergo, dum ambulamus, cum comitibus nostris,

I know that I am part of a grander tide,

Scio me partem magni cursus factum,

A legacy that will live on for generations to come,

Legatum qui per generationes duraturus est,

Of soldiers of the British Empire, brave and staunch.

Militum Imperii Britannici, fortium et constantium.

LXI

Wizard Friend, Magus Amicus

Amidst the woods, I wandered free,
Inter silvas errabam liber,
A place where nature spoke to me,
Locus ubi natura mihi locuta est,
And there I met an old friend,
Et ibi vetus amicum inveni,
A wizard, it seemed, till the very end.
Videtur velut magus usque ad finem.

His eyes sparkled with a magic light,
Oculi eius scintillabant lumine magico,

A twinkle that shone so bright,
Splendor qui tam clare lucebat,
He wore a robe of purple hue,
Purpurea veste indutus,
And a pointed hat of midnight blue.
Apicem noctis caeruleae gerens.

I asked him then, what brought him here,

Tum interrogavi quid huc attulisset,

He smiled and said, " To be near,

Ille risit et dixit, " Proximus esse volui,

The magic of the woods and sky,

Magiae silvarum et caeli,

That's where I feel most alive. "

Ubi vivere mihi maximae laetitiae est. "

I looked at him in wonder and awe,

Mirantibus me oculos vertit,

And he chuckled, as if he saw,

Et velut sibi constans susurravit,

The question that I held within.

Dubium quod intra me latebat.

I told you, " he said, with a grin,

Monui te, " inquit, cum subridens,

The only kind of magic I believe in,

Unus magicus in quem credo,

Is the magic I have in these fingers,

Solam magiam credere in his digitis meis habere,

the power of creating and remaining.”

Potestatem creandi et manendi. "

And then he showed me what he meant,

Deinde ostendit quod voluit,

A tune on his flute, so sweetly sent,

Dulcem carmen in fistula sua cecinit,

It filled the woods with a magical sound,

Silvas sonitu magico replet,

And made my heart and soul astound.

Cor meum et animam stupefecit.

I listened to the music, entranced,

Musica aures captabat mei,

And watched as the wizard danced,

Magus saltaret, ut me movit,

Around the trees and the rocks so tall,

Circum arbores et saxa alta,

His magic fingers casting a spell on all.
Digitos suos magicos in omnibus spargens.

And in that moment, I felt it too,
In hoc momento et ego sentiebam,
The magic of the woods, so true,
Vere magiam silvarum,
And knew that the wizard was right,
Et sciebam magum esse iustum,
The only magic worth the fight.
Solam magiam ut pugnare velit.

For magic lies not in spells and charms,
Nam magia non est in carminibus et fascinis,
But in the beauty of nature's arms,
Sed in pulchritudine naturae brachii,
And in the power of human touch,
Et in potentia tactus humani,
That can heal and love so much.
Qui sanare et amare potest tantum.

LXII

New, Novo

A new beginning is cast,

Passu et halitu novo,

Out of the darkness and the pain,

Dimittimus mortis puto,

A chance for growth, a chance to reign.

Et fortiores renascimur,ardent animae nobis sursum.

With every step and every breath,

Ex tenebris et dolore,

We leave behind what brings us death.

Nova spes est quae fit flore.

And rise again, stronger, bolder,

Ex cineribus praeteriti,

Our spirits burning like a smolder.

Incipit aliquid novi.

Regeneration is our fate,

Regeneratio nostra est sors,

As we embrace a brand new state,

Novam vitam, mentem versor,

Our hearts and minds refreshed and new,

Corde ac mente reparati,

With endless possibilities in view.

Infinitae sunt nobis nati.

So let us rise, and let us shine,

Ergo surgamus et fulgeamus,

Our future bright, our souls aligned,

Futurum clare cognoscamus,

And as we journey on this path,

In hac via quam iteramus,

May our regeneration last.

Regeneratio fiat nobis famus.

LXIII

Love, Amaor

Love me, dear heart, with all your might,

Amor me, cara meus, omnibus viribus tuis,

Open up your soul to the light,

Animum tuum ad lucem pande,

Venture forth, and take a chance,

Aude progredi et occasionem amplectere,

Endless love, let's begin the dance.

Amor infinitus, saltum incipiamus.

Many paths we'll have to take,

Multae viae nobis est agenda,

Enduring love we'll surely make,

Amor perdurans certe faciemus,

Lavish me with your sweet embrace,

Me dulci complexu foveas,

I won’t be a Disgrace

Attentus me sustineas,

Keen keep me braced,

Non erit meus culpa,

Enchant me with your loving grace.

Amor tuo gratia me perfundas.

Many paths we'll have to take,

Multae viae nobis est agenda,

Enduring love we'll surely make.

Amor perdurans certe faciemus.

Love me through the trials ahead,

Amor me per difficultates adiuvet,

Overcome the fears we once dread,

Metus vetitos vincamus,

Vivid dreams that we will share,

Somnia clara quae nobis sociabimus,

Endless love beyond compare.

Amor infinitus absque comparatione.

Many paths we'll have to take,

Multae viae nobis est agenda,

Enduring love we'll surely make.

Amor perdurans certe faciemus.

LXIV

[ALT] Formation on Information, Formatio Super Informatione

Understanding is a powerful thing,

Intellegere est res potentis,

A light that illuminates everything,

Lux quae omnia illustrat clare,

But In-forming, that's a different game,

Sed In-formare, ludus est alius,

A word that's tricky, and hard to tame.

Verbum hunc difficilem, mollemque parem.

To form is to give shape and construct,

Formare est dare formam et construere,

But to negate it with In-, would disrupt,

At cum In- id negamus, disrumpimus,

It's like disforming, a strange concept indeed,

Instar disformare, conceptus mirus,

A word that's uncertain, and hard to read.

Verbum incertum, durumque legimus.

Flammable and inflammable, two sides of the same,
Inflammable et flammable, duo in eodem versant,
A linguistic trap that's easy to claim,
Capitium linguarum, facile captant,
And formation and information, a pair that confounds,
Formation et information, invicem confundunt,
A mystery of language that still astounds.
Mysterium linguae, quod semper abfundunt.
Understanding makes sense, it's clear and bright,
Intellegere sensum reddit, clarum ac nitidum,
But to In-form, it's a linguistic fight,
At In-formare, lucta linguistica est,
A battle of words, where meaning is at stake,
Pugna verborum, ubi res in dubio,
A challenge for poets, who love to create.
Poetarum iuvat, huius pugnae artifices.

So let us revel in the beauty of language,
Ergo fruamur pulchritudine linguae,
And the power of words, that we so often manage,

Potestate verborum, quos semper canimus,

For though In-forming may not make sense,

Nam In-formare quidem sensum non habet,

It's a challenge for poets, a linguistic offense.

Linguisticum bellum est, poesis offendit.

Across the Universe - The Beatles

Words are flowing out

Verba fluent

Like endless rain into a paper cup

Ut pluvia infinita in phiala

They slither wildly as they slip away across the universe

Lascive serpunt atque evanescunt per universum

Pools of sorrow waves of joy

Fluctus doloris et gaudii

Are drifting through my opened mind

Mente aperta meus vagantur

Possessing and caressing me

Possidentes atque me delectantes

Jai Guru Deva, Om

Victoria Magister Divus Om

Nothing's gonna change my world

Nihil mundum meum mutabit

Images of broken light

Imagines lucis fractae

Which dance before me like a million eyes

Quae ante me saltant velut mille oculi

They call me on and on across the universe

Me vocant per universum

Thoughts wonder like a

Cogitationes errant velut

Restless wind inside a letter box

Ventus inquietus in cista epistularum

They tumble blindly as they make their way across the universe

Caeci ruunt trans universum viam facientes

Jai Guru Deva, Om

Victoria Magister Divus Om

Nothing's gonna change my world

Nihil mundum meum mutabit

Sounds of laughter, shades of life

Sonitus risus, varietates vitae

Are ringing through my opened ears

Aperientibus auribus meis resono

Inciting and inviting me

Moviens atque invitans me

Limitless undying love

Amor infinitus ac sempiternus

Which shines around me like a million suns

Qui lucet circum me ut mille solis

It calls me on and on across the universe

Me vocat per universum sine fine

Jai Guru Deva, Om

Victoria Magister Divus Om

Nothing's gonna change my world

Nihil mundum meum mutabit

LXV

When Alexander Marched to Babylon, Cum Alexander Babylonem Venit

A truce upheld,

Pactum servans, ut urbem videret,

They let him in to see The gardens grand, where beauty was reborn, And he beheld a verdant tapestry.

Eum admiserunt ut hortos magnos videret, ubi pulchritudo revixit, et contuitur virentem textum.

The fountains there were grand, the water clear,

Fons illic magnus erat, aqua clara,

The pools aglow with lilies white as snow,

Stagna nivibus similis liliis candentibus illustrata,

The perfumes of the flowers filled the air,

Flores ibi fragrantiam attulerunt,

And nature's bounty made his heart aglow.

Et naturae dona animum Alexandri expleverunt.

The fruit trees there were heavy with their yield,

Arbores fructiferae oneratae fructu suo,

The vines with grapes that glistened in the sun,

Vites uvis lucidis in sole coruscantibus,

The beauty of the gardens was revealed,

Hortorum pulchritudo se manifestavit,

The beauty of the gardens he beheld,

Pulchritudinem hortorum Alexandrus vidit,

As Alexander marveled, awestruck, stunned.

Et Alexander stupens admiratus est.

A wonder of the world, a story told.

Miraculum mundi, historia narrata.

LXVI

[ALT] Weight of The World, Mundus Pondera

He came to us as a man unknown,

Venit ad nos ut homo ignotus,

A stranger with a message to bestow,

Peregrinus cum nuntio tradendo,

A world for sale, he made it known,

Mundum venale, patefecit,

And with his words, our minds did grow.

Verbis suis mentes nostrae crescebant.

He spoke of a land of untold worth,

De terra haud enumerabilis auri loquebatur,

A world beyond our wildest dreams,

Mundum praeter somnia fieri,

Where riches lay upon the earth,

In quo divitiae super terram iacerent,

And life was not what it seems.

Et vita non esset qualis videtur.

But in his eyes, there lurked a tale,

At in oculis eius latebat fabula,

Of secrets hidden deep within,

De secretis occultis altius,

Of a world gone mad, a ship set sail,

Mundo delirante, nave directa,

On a course of chaos and sin.

Cursu chaos et peccatum.

And so we listened, with bated breath,

Et sic auscultavimus, ansam tenentes,

As he spun his web of mystery,

Tela suae araneae mysterium texens,

Of a world beyond life and death,

De mundo ultra vitae et mortis,

Of a truth too great for history.

Veritate historiae maiore.

He offered us a chance to buy,

Dedit nobis emptio locum,

A world that we could call our own,

Mundum, quem dicere possemus nostrum,

But in the end, we realized,

Sed denique intelleximus,

The price we paid was ours alone.

Pretium quod persolvimus nostrum fuisse.

For the man who sowed the world, he knew,

Homo qui mundum seminavit, sciebat,

That nothing comes without a cost,

Quia nihil sine pretio venit,

And the price we paid, in all we do,

Et pretium, quod persolvimus in omnibus quae facimus,

Is the price of the world we've lost.

Est pretium mundi, quem amisimus.

The Man Who Sold The World - David Bowie

We passed upon the stair,

Transieramus per gradus,

We spoke of was and when,

De essentia et tempore loquebamur,

Although I wasn't there,

Etsi ibi non eram,

He said I was his friend,

Amicus me esse dixit,

Which came as some surprise,

Quod mihi fuit mirum,

I spoke into his eyes, " I thought you died alone,

In oculos eius locutus sum " Solus obiisse te putabam,

A long long time ago. "

Olim iam diu. "

Oh no, not me,

Minime, non ego,

I never lost control,

Semper habui potestatem,

You're face to face,

Tu es facie ad faciem,

With the man who sowed the world.

Cum homine qui mundum seminavit.

I laughed and shook his hand,

Risi eumque salutavi,

And made my way back home,

Iter domum feci,

I searched for form and land,

Formam et solum quaesivi,

For years and years I roamed,

Per annos erravi,

I gazed a gazeless stare,

Spectans vacuos oculos,

At all the millions here,

Hominum milibus,

We must have died alone,

Solos mortuos oportet nos,

A long long time ago.

Olim iam diu.

Who knows ? Not me,

Quis novit ? Non ego,

We never lost control,

Semper potestatem habuimus,

You're face to face,

Tu es facie ad faciem,

With the man who sowed the world.

Cum homine qui mundum seminavit.

Who knows ? Not me,

Quis novit ? Non ego,

We never lost control,

Semper potestatem habuimus,

You're face to face,

Tuus aspectus cum meus,

With the man who sowed the world.

Cum homine qui mundum seminavit.

LXVII

Angel, Angelus

Behold! I am an angel, born with wings,

Ecce! Angelus sum, alis natus,

Commanded to fly up to the heavens high.

In caelum volare iubeor.

Up and away, with the winds I spring,

Alte sursumque, ventis capto,

I leave the world below.

Mundum infra relinquo.

With my wings, I soar free and clear,

Alis meis, libere volans,

Ascending through clouds and stars so bright.

Per nubes et sidera conscendo.

I gaze at countless worlds, far and near,

Innumeras mundi partes aspicio,

Where only love and peace are in sight.

Ubi sola pace et amor regnant.

This is heaven, where we angels dwell,

Hoc est caelum, ubi angeli nos habitant,

Where all things are pure and sanctified.

Ubi omnia pura sunt et sancta.

Oh, blessed life, here forever to dwell,

O beata vita, quam hic agitur,

Which God has gifted to us, to reside.

Quam Deus nobis donavit.

LXVIII

Standing Yet Gone, Stans Sed Abitus.

Here I stand among statues,

Hic sto in medio statuarum,

Sad in my heart and full of thoughts,

Tristis animo et cogitatione plenum,

Which resemble great men,

Quam magni viri simulacra referunt,

But they are not here, they are not, those whom we once revered.

Sed non sunt, non sunt, quos olim veneramur.

We are left with the marble images,

Marmoris effigies superest nobis,

And we must take something from them,

Et ex his aliquid capere debemus,

To apply to difficult and dangerous situations,

Ad res difficiles et periculosas,

Both using ourselves.

Nosmetipsos adhibere utrumque.

In their actions and their words,

In his gestis et in his verbis,

We find counsel and courage,

Consilium et fortitudinem invenimus,

Which show us the right path,

Quae nobis monstrant viam rectam,

And help us find our way in life.

Et adiuvant ut inveniamus vitam.

So as I look at these noble figures,

Sic dum adspecto has figuras nobiles,

And I can renew their memory,

Et memoriam eorum renovare possum,

I am not afraid to face the challenges,

Non timeo incurrere laborem,

But act with courage like a brave man.

Sed intrepidus agam ut vir fortis.

LXIX

Bathhouse

In the steamy bathhouse, a goddess awaits,

In thermis vaporosis, dea exspectat,

Fertility and beauty, her essence permeates,

Fertilitas et pulchritudo, ejus essentiam permeant,

The steam rises around us, a misty veil,

Vapor circumfert nos, velum nebulosum,

As we enter the baths, with towels and bubbles to avail.

Dum ad balneas cum linteo et bullis venimus.

The sunlight streams through the stained glass,

Sole refracto vitri vitreo,

In a dance of color, a sight to amass,

In saltu colorum, visum ad colligendum,

The day is warm, but the baths are warmer,

Dies calidus, sed balnea calidiora sunt,

As we wade into the water, without any armor.

Dum aquam sine armatura ingredimur.

Around the pool, the tails of water flow,

Circum piscinam, caudas aquae fluunt,

A soothing sound, like a gentle bow,

Sonus lenis, quasi tenuis arcus,

The goddess smiles, and beckons me near,

Dea ridet, et me accersit,

In this moment, there's nothing to fear.

In hoc momento, nihil est timendum.

We soak in the warmth, and the scent of oils,

Calore et odore oleorum intingimur,

As the steam swirls around us, in endless coils,

Dum vapor in orbem infinitum volvitur,

The water caresses our skin, like a loving touch,

Aqua nostra cutem stringit, sicut tactus amoris,

And we forget about time, and worry not much.

Et obliviscimur temporis, et nihil dubitamus.

In the bathhouse, we find respite and rest,

In thermis, requiem et requiem invenimus,

A moment of peace, where we are truly blessed,

Momento pacis, ubi vere beati sumus,

With the goddess of fertility and beauty by our side,

Cum dea fertilitatis et pulchritudinis ad nostram dexteram,

We feel rejuvenated, and our spirits revived.

Rejuvenescentes animo, et spiritus revocantes.

So let us cherish this moment, in the steamy bathhouse,

Ergo momentum hoc colamus, in thermis vaporosis,

Where we are free from worry, and life's many grouse,

Ubi solvitur cura, et multa impedimenta vitae,

In this sanctuary of warmth, and beauty divine,

In hoc sacrario calore, et pulchritudine divina,

We bask in the glory, and let our troubles decline.

Gloriam induimus, et curas dimittimus.

LXX

[ALT] Too Late my Friend, Sero Amice

A knock on the door, a telegram in hand,

Pulsus ad ostium, telegramma manu,

A message of sorrow, a friend's life unmanned,

Nuntius tristis, vita amici defunctu,

The words are few, yet their weight is great,

Pauci verba, sed gravis est sententia,

My heart sinks low, with a weighty gait.

Animus maerens, gravi passu tendit via.

In the still of the night, I read the news,

In tacito noctis tempore, nuntium lego,

My friend is gone, his life cut loose,

Amicus amisso, vita soluta ab eo,

No time to say goodbye, no time to weep,

Nihil tempus, ut vale dicere aut flere,

His soul has flown, to eternal sleep.

Anima volavit, somno aeterno obtere.

I curse the fates, I curse the hour,

Sortes improbo, horam maledico,

When death came knocking, with such power,

Cum mors potenti, venit in loco,

I rage against the winds of fate,

Contra ventos fato, irascor,

That left me with a heavy weight.

Gravi pondere, relinquo lacrimabor.

I try to find solace, in memories sweet,

Solacium quaero, in memoria grata,

Of laughter and joy, and love complete,

Risus et laetitia, amor plena fata,

But they seem so distant, so far away,

Sed longe absunt, tam remoti videntur,

Lost in the shadows, of yesterday.

Perditi umbrae, praeterita figura.

And so I mourn, with a heavy heart,

Itaque lugeo, maesto corde cordi,

For the friend I've lost, and the love we've part,

Pro amico amitto, et amoris parte discedi,

I pray his soul, has found its rest,

Animam precor, suum locum invenerit,

And in my heart, his memory will nest.

Et memoria illius, cor meum habitavit.

For though he's gone, his memory will stay,

Nam etsi abest, memoria manebit,

A beacon of light, in a darkened way,

Lucerna in tenebris, itineris detrit,

And though we're parted, for a time it seems,

Et licet seperemur, tempus longum videtur,

In my heart, he'll live on, in my dreams.

In meo corde, amicus manebit, et somnis obdormitur.

Lithium - Nirvana

I'm so happy 'cause today I found my friends, they're in my head.

Sum tam felix quia hodie amicos inveni, sunt in meus mente.

I'm so ugly, that's okay, 'cause so are you, we broke our mirrors.

Sum tam turpis, sed nihil refert, quia et tu es turpis, speculum fregerimus.

Sunday mornin' is every day for all I care and I'm not scared,

Dies dominica cotidiana res est meus cura, non timeo,

Light my candles in a daze 'cause I've found God.

Accendam lucernas in stupore, quia inveni Deum.

Yeah, yeah.

Etiam, etiam.

I'm so lonely, that's okay, I shaved my head and I'm not sad,

Sum tam solus, sed nihil refert, rasum caput habeo, nec tristis sum,

And just maybe I'm to blame for all I've heard, but I'm not sure.

Et forte omnia, quae audivi, meus culpa sunt, sed non certus sum.

I'm so excited, I can't wait to meet you there and I don't care.

Sum tam excitatus, non possum exspectare, donec te videam et nihil curabo.

I'm so horny, that's okay, my will is good.

Sum tam libidinosus, sed nihil refert, voluntas meus bonus est.

Yeah, yeah.

Etiam, etiam.

I like it, I'm not gonna cry.

Placet mihi, non plorabo.

I miss you, I'm not gonna cry.

Te desidero, non plorabo.

I love you, I'm not gonna cry.

Te amo, non plorabo.

I killed you, I'm not gonna cry.

Te interfeci, non plorabo.

I like it, I'm not gonna crack.

Placet mihi, non confringam.

I miss you, I'm not gonna crack.

Te desidero, non confringam.

I love you, I'm not gonna crack.

Te amo, non confringam.

I killed you, I'm not gonna crack.

Te interfeci, non confringam.

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Placet mihi, non confringam.

I miss you, I'm not gonna crack.

Te desidero, non confringam.

I love you, I'm not gonna crack.

Te amo, non confringam.

I killed you, I'm not gonna crack.

Te interfeci, non confringam.

LXXI

Panda

Illegitimate panda, rare offspring,

Panda ignobilis, rarae proles,

Motionless, combat-incompetent,

Non movet, pugnae inscius,

Poor breeding, a name of little value,

Inopi copulae, nomen vilis,

Appearing only recently, but is it true ?

Nuper apparuit, sed verusne est ?

Animal prince, uncertain species,

Animalis princeps, sed incertus genus,

A dubious name it has.

Causa dubia nomen habet.

Unable to fight, but conquer through fear,

Non possunt pugnare, sed timore vincunt,

Fortune makes their life uncertain.

Fortuna vitam incertam facit.

This existing name, is it a true species ?

Hoc nomen exstans, num vera est species ?

Or a bitter mockery of prey ?

Anne praedae acerba ludibrium ?

A wonderful creature, born humble,

Mirabilem creaturam, quae nata est humilis,

Loving solitude, dwelling alone.

Solitudinem amans, solus habitat.

But we hope to give them a chance at life,

Sed speramus, vitam illis dare posse,

To live in peace and preserve their ways.

Vivere pacem, et mores servare.

It reminds us to value rarity in nature,

Nobis admoneat, quod natura rarum,

And the importance it holds in our world.

In mundum aestimare nos oportet.

LXXII

King of Kingdom Dreams, Rex Regni Somniorum

In dreamland's infinite expanse,
In infinito spatio Terrae Somniorum,
Where reality is just a trance,
Ubi res tantum est deliramentum,
I wander free, without a care,
Errare possum libere, nulla cura premente,
Picking dreams, with great flair.
Somnia eligens, magnifice splendente.

If a nightmare haunts my mind,
Si terror mentem meum occupat,
I just shift to another kind,
Ad aliam formam statim me transferat,
A dreamscape of beauty and light,
Terrae Somniorum venusta et luminosa,
Where all fears vanish from sight.
Ubi timores omnes e conspectu fuga prosunt.

On a cloud, I float with ease,

Super nube, leniter volitans,

With wings of my imagination, I breeze.

Imaginum alarum passim flabellans.

From one dream to the next, I fly,

E somnio in somnium volans,

Without a limit, I reach the sky.

Ad coelum scandens, non limitatur ille manus.

A world of wonder, with each new view,

Mundus mirabilis, visu novo,

An adventure to embark, to pursue.

Adventure novae audeo, sequor proviso.

A labyrinth of emotions, with each path,

Emotuum labirintus, via cuique data,

A kaleidoscope of colors, a perfect aftermath.

Caeli colorum varius, perfectum ea fata.

In this dream world, I reign supreme,

In hoc mundo somnii, sum rex et princeps,

Where I control the story, the theme.

Fabulam ego rego, nunc hic, nunc illinc.

With every step, I choose my fate,

Cum gressu singulo, fatum meum eligo,

In this place, I am never too late.

Hic, numquam in hoc loco nimis tarde conspicio.

For when I wake, I'll remember well,

Nam ut expergiscor, meminisse valde,

The dreamscape where I did dwell.

Terrarum Somniorum ubi habitavi multum,

A place where I was free to roam,

Locum ubi liber errabam,

And escape the nightmares of my home.

Et familiarem terrarum insomnium fugiebam.

LXXIII

My friend the Crow, Corvus Amicus Meus

With feathers black as coal,

Pennae nigrae ut carbo,

He perches on my shoulder,

Super humero meo sedet,

As we walk along the road.

Dum via ambulamus.

He brings me shiny trinkets,

Mihi donat res nitidas,

And off he flies to search anew,

Tunc avolat ut novas quaerat,

We wander through the fields,

Ambulamus per rura,

And through the city streets.

Et per urbis plateas.

He caws and squawks with glee,

Clamat et strepitat laetus,

As he finds another treasure,

Ut aliam rem invenit.

And always he returns,

Et semper redit ad me,

To perch upon my shoulder.

Ut super umero meo sedeat.

My crow, my loyal friend,

Corvus meus, fidelis amicus,

With whom I share my days.

Cum quo dies meos divido.

Together we explore the world,

Mundo simul exploramus,

And make our way through life.

Et vitae nostrae viam facimus.

My crow, my loyal friend,

Corvus meus, fidelis amicus,

With whom I share my days.

Cum quo dies meos divido.

Together we explore the world,

Mundo simul exploramus,

And make our way through life.

Et vitae nostrae viam facimus.

LXIV

Dear Deer, Cerva Cara

Dark forest, black mist,

Silva tenebrosa, caligo nigra,

My mind is disturbed;

Ingenium perturbat meum;

But the deer, like a calm grove,

Sed cervus sicut lucus serenus,

Drinks water gently, sweating.

Aestuans aquam bibit lene.

Dawn is near, the sun is covered,

Aurora iam prope est, sol obducitur,

Fireflies fly in the sky,

Ignis fatui in caelo volitant,

Like falling stars at night,

Sicut stellae cadentes noctu,

Light flashes in the trees.

In arboribus lux micat.

This nocturnal life is beautiful,

Haec nocturna vita pulchra est,

When the lights of the sky shine,

Quando caeli lumina effulgent,

And gentle deer and roe deer,

Et cervi blandi et capreoli,

Walk peacefully in the woods.

Pacifice in silvis ambulant.

But time passes, and everything changes,

Sed tempus transit, et cuncta mutantur,

For the day rises again;

Nam dies rursus iam oritur;

But the memory of this beautiful day,

Sed memoria huius diei pulchri,

Will always remain in my mind.

Semper in mente meus manebit.

LXXV

Sun of The Sun, Filius Solis

He is the son of the sun,

Filius solis est,

Born of flames, light, and heat,

Ex flammis, luce et calore natus,

Walking upon the earth,

Terram ambulans,

In a body both strong and fleet.

In corpore validus ac velocis.

But in a past life, he was cast off,

Sed in vita praeterita, proiectus erat,

His spirit bound to the sun,

Spiritus eius soli alligatus,

From the earth he was sent, the son of the sun,

De terra missus est, filius solis,

His aurora guided him through the heat and the light,

Eius aurora eum per calorem et lucem duxit,

As he walked on the sun with all his might.

Dum cum tota vi in sole ambulabat.

Against the gravity, he lifted his feet,

Contra gravitatem, pedes sustulit,

Harnessing the power of the sun's fierce heat.

Caloris solis acerrimi vim arripuit.

With each step, he learned to control and to bend,

Cum passu uno, energiam domare discit,

The energy that he found, he learned to befriend.

Et eam amicum habere didicit.

He walked on the surface, of this star so bright,

Superficiem ambulavit, sidus tam clarum,

And in its flames, he found his might.

In flammis invenit robur suum.

For in the heat, he found his strength,

Calore enim, vim suam invenit,

And learned to conquer it, at any length.

Et omni tempore eius victor fieri potuit.

The son of the sun, on this journey alone,

Filius solis, per solitudinem itineris huius,

Learned the secrets of this star, on his own.

Didicit secreta huius stellae solus.

For he had walked on its surface, and had learned to tame,

Nam superficiem ambulavit, et potuit domare,

The energy of the sun, in his very own name.

Solis vim propriam suo nomine consecrare.

In anguish, he burned and suffered,

Dolore cruciatus est,

Until he learned to feed and run.

Donec edere discere currereque potuit.

So he plotted his return,

Itaque reditum suum cogitabat,

To the earth he longed to tread,

Terrae, ad quam appetebat, gradum intendit.

With power and strength he'd earned,

Cum potestate et viribus adeptis

And a fiery spirit to be fed.

Et igne animae ardente satiato.

And so he returned, to the earth below,

Itaque regressus est, ad terram inferiorem,

A master of the sun's power, now in tow.

Magister potentiae solis secum habens.

For he had harnessed the heat, and had learned to control,

Calorem cohibere didicit, atque posse moderare,

The power of the sun, deep in his soul.

Solis vim interiorem, in animo suo locare.

Now he walks among us once again,

Nunc iterum inter nos ambulat,

A being of light and flame,

Entitas lucis et flammae,

With the power of the sun within,

Cum solis potentia intus,

And a destiny he will claim.

Et destinum suum vindicabit.

For he is the son of the sun,

Nam filius solis est,

Reborn with a purpose and will obtain,

Renatus cum scopo et voluntate ad adipiscendum,

To bring forth a new dawn,

Novum auroram excitare,

And with his fiery spirit, yawn.

Et anima ardente sua oscitare.

LXXVI

Live Music, Musica Viva

In a crowded pub, the music played,

In taberna plena, musica sonabat,

A band on stage, their sound conveyed.

Orchestra in scaena, sonus offerebat.

The rhythm flowed, the crowd swayed,

Rythmus fluens, turba moventur,

As I danced and cheered, my voice displayed.

Ego saltavi et clamavi, vox ostenderetur.

The drinks flowed, my spirits high,

Pocula fluebant, animus altus erat,

The music loud, I couldn't deny.

Musica clara, negare non poteram.

I cheered and shouted, without a lie,

Clamavi et vociferavi, absque mendacio,

Feeling the energy, not shy.

Sensu iucundo, nunc timido.

But soon, it was time to depart,
Sed subito tempus discedendi venit,
One more drink, then I'd start.
Unum amplius potum sumere vellem.

I raised my glass with a full heart,
Bibam benevolus animo pleno,

To the band that played their part.
Orchestrae partem agente.

As I stumbled out into the night,
Cum nocte prodiissem, nesciens quid agerem,
The music still ringing in my sight,
Sonitus musicae oculis visis manebat,
I knew I'd be back, without a fight,
Sine ulla pugna, rediturus eram,
To cheer and dance, with all my might.
Saltaturus et clamaturus omni conatu.

LXXVII

In Alexandria

In Alexandria, stood a library grand,
In Alexandria, magna bibliotheca stabat,
With scrolls and tomes from every land,
Cum scriptis et voluminibus ex omni terra,
A treasure trove of knowledge, a scholar's dream,
Thesaurus scientiae, somnium eruditorum,
A monument to wisdom, or so it seemed.
Monumentum sapientiae, ita videbatur.

The greatest minds of the ancient world,
Mentes maximae mundi antiqui,

Flocked to Alexandria, their passions unfurled,
Ad Alexandriam confluxerunt, passiones solutae,
For the library held secrets untold,
Nam bibliotheca secretos tenebat,
Of science, art, and stories of old.
De scientia, arte, et fabulis antiquis.

But fate was cruel, and tragedy struck,

Sors autem crudele, et fortuna infelix,

As flames consumed the library, ran amok,

Flammae bibliothecam consumpserunt, grassabantur,

The scholars wept, as the pages turned to ash,

Eruditi flebant, paginae in cinerem versae,

Their knowledge lost, their dreams were dashed.

Scientia amissa, somnia frusta.

The spirit of Alexander, shaken that day,

Spiritus Alexandri, eo die perturbatus,

For the library he founded, now in decay,

Nam bibliothecam condidit, nunc dilapsum,

He wept for the loss, the tragedy so vast,

Lugebat damnum, infortunium tam magnum,

A wound to knowledge, that could never be surpassed.

Vulnus ad scientiam, quod numquam reparabitur.

The fire may have destroyed the books,

Ignis fortasse libros delevit,

But the wisdom of Alexandria, forever it looks,

Sed sapientia Alexandrina, semper intuetur,

Into the hearts and minds of scholars who mourn,

In cordibus et mentibus scholarium lugentium,

The loss of knowledge, to never be reborn.

Damnum scientiae, numquam reparabitur.

But the spirit of Alexandria lives on,

Spiritus Alexandri, vivit adhuc,

In the thirst for knowledge, in every dawn,

In sitim scientiae, in omni mane,

In the passion of scholars, who seek to learn,

In passionibus scholarium, qui discere quaerunt,

And in the love of wisdom, that forever burns.

Et in amore sapientiae, quae semper ardet.

LXXVIII

On a Martian base, In Domo Martia

On a Martian base, in a world so new,

In domo Martia, mundo tam novo,

An engineer walks, with a mission to pursue,

Ingeniarius graditur, cum missione sequendi,

Through different domes, he strolls with pride,

Per diversa domorum, cum superbia ambulat,

Ready to work, with his tools by his side.

Paratus ad laborem, cum instrumentis suis iunctis.

Starting in the habitats, where bedrooms lay,

Initio in habitatibus, ubi cubicula sunt,

He checks the systems, to start his day,

Sistit systemas, ad diem incipiendum,

Ensuring that the air is fresh and clean,

Sicca et pura aeris verificat,

And that everything runs, like a well-oiled machine.

Et ut omnia currant, tamquam machina bene oleata.

Next, he visits the food court, with a smile,

Proximo ad coenaculum, cum risu ingreditur,

Where he smells fresh produce, for a while,

Odorem agrestem, aliquamdiu percipit,

The hydroponics, growing plants so green,

Hydroponica, ubi plantae virides crescunt,

A sight so rare, like he's never seen.

Visus adeo rarus, tanquam numquam antea visus.

In the science dome, he marvels at the sight,

In domo scientiae, visum admiratur,

With experiments and research, done with great might,

Experimenta ac studia, per viribus facta,

Learning new things, that amaze his brain,

Res novas discit, quae mentem mirantur,

Innovating new tech, to make life less mundane.

Novas technicas innovat, ut vita non sit taeda.

Finally, he heads to engineering, with a spring in his step,

Denique, in ingenia procedit, cum alacritate,

Ready to collect his uniform and tools, without a fret,

Paratus ad instrumenta et vestes colligendas, nulla sollicitudine,

Robots and automated systems, his focus for the day,

In robotes et systemata automatica curat, ut hodie,

Fixing them up, to ensure they don't stray,

Reparans, ut errare non possint,

On a Martian base, where every step is new,

In domo Martia, ubi omnis gradus novus,

The engineer works hard, with a mission so true,

Ingeniarius operatur, cum fide firma,

Making sure that life, on this planet so far,

Vitam curans, in hoc loco tam longe,

Is as comfortable as can be, just like home, without a bar.

Adeam comodam esse, ut domi, sed sine taberna.

LXXIX

Enchanted Forest, Magicam Silvam

As I walk through the enchanted forest,

Dum per silvam magicam ambulo,

I feel my senses come alive,

Sensus mei expergiscuntur,

The rustle of leaves, the whisper of the wind,

Strepitus foliorum, susurrus venti,

And the flutter of wings, as creatures thrive.

Volatusque alarum, animantum prosperantur.

The trees, tall and proud, with leaves of gold,

Arbores, altae et magnificae, foliis aureis,

Create a canopy, like a palace grand,

Umbra palatii similis condunt,

The sunlight trickles through, in beams of light,

Lux solis radiat, in fascibus luminis,

And dust dances in the air, like a magic hand.

Et pulvis saltat in aere, ut manus magica.

The forest floor, a tapestry of green,
Solum silvae, tapetum viride,
With moss and ferns, a verdant scene,
Muscis et filicibus, solum umbratile,
And as I walk, I feel a sense of peace,
Et dum ambulo, pacis sensum sentio,
In this mystical world, where wonders never cease.
In hoc mundo mystico, ubi mirabilia non desinunt.

I hear the babbling brook, a gentle sound,
Ausculto gurgitum murmur, sonus lenis,
As it weaves through the forest, without a bound,
Per silvam effundit, sine fine fluens,
And the birds, with their sweet melodies,
Aves cantu dulci, melodiis suis,
Make me feel alive, like a symphony.
Vivere me faciunt, ut symphoniam.
As I wander through the enchanted forest.
Dum per silvam magicam erro.

I feel a sense of awe and wonder,

Sensum stuporis et mirabilis experior,

For in this place of magic and mystique,

Nam in hoc loco naturae et phantasiae,

My soul finds rest, and my heart can ponder.

Animus meus requiescit, cor cogitat.

For in this world of nature and fantasy,

Nam in hoc mundo naturae et phantasiae,

I find a place of solace and serenity,

Locum requiei et serenitatis invenio,

And as I walk through this enchanted land,

Et dum per hanc terram magicam ambulo,

I feel a sense of joy, that's truly grand.

Sensus gaudii magnifici me impleat.

LXXX

80 Days, LXXX Dies

Around the world in 80 days we'd go,

Circum terram in LXXX diebus ibamus,

By trains, boats, and planes, our travels show,

Per curricula, naves, atque aera docemus,

From Rome's ancient ruins, to Peru's mountain heights,

Ex ruinarum Roma, ad montes Peru,

To Alexandria's libraries, and Moscow's winter nights.

Alexandriae bibliothecas, Moscuae nivibus noctu.

Tokyo's neon lights, and Perth's sandy beaches,

Neones Tokyo, et arenosi littore Pert,

Antarctica's frozen land, our journey reaches,

Ad Antarcticam, itinerae nostri ad extremum pertinet,

We'd travel through time zones, crossing lines,

Transiens lineas temporis, fusas orbis partes,

Witnessing different cultures, with each new find.

Spectans culturas diversas, in omni loco quaerens artes.

The train's rhythm, the boat's gentle sway,

Curriculi sonitus, navis fluctus suaves,

The plane's roar, taking us away,

Aviae fragor, tollunt nos velut aquilas,

Through mountains, oceans, and skies,

Per montes, maria, et caelum,

We journeyed with wide-open eyes.

Tandem lumen cernimus quod invenimus ea omnia cum lumine.

With maps in hand and wanderlust in heart,

Cum mappis et ardore peregrinationis,

Our travels took us far apart,

Per longinquas terras iter fecimus,

We are distant by way, but always together in heart,

Per vias longe, sed semper unum corde collocamus,

Far apart, but not separated.

Longinquos, sed non separatos.

But we stayed connected, no matter the miles.

Our journey full of adventure and smiles.

During the cleansing of the world, we became friends, happy and laughing together.

In lustratione orbis, laeti et ridentes semper amici facti sumus.

Around the world in 80 days we'd roam,

Circum terram in LXXX diebus erravimus,

Our travels filled with memories, our hearts at home.

Memoriam plenam et corde in domo mansimus.

LXXXI

Turn Up the Radio, Converti Radiophonicum

Let's turn up the radio, and turn off the lights,
Convertamus radiophonicum, et extinguamus lucem,
Let's dance and get sweaty, with all our might,
Saltantes et sudantes, omnibus viribus,
Nothing will stop us now, no need to hold back,
Nihil nos iam impediet, non est opus retinere,
Let's let the music take us, off our usual track.
Musica nos capiat, ex ordine deverso.

We want the walls to melt, and the floor to shake,
Voluntur parietes, et tremunt pavimenta,
As we move to the rhythm, without a break,
Dum pulsibus ferimur, sine intervallo,
Our bodies become one, with the pulsing beat,
Corpora nostra uniuntur, cum pulsante sono,
And we lose ourselves, in this fiery heat.
Et nosipsos amittimus, in hoc fervore ardente.

The world outside fades away, as we dance in the dark,
Mundus foris evanescit, dum saltamus in tenebris,
In this moment of passion, we ignite a spark,
In hoc momento passionali, scintillam accendimus,
Our hearts beat as one, as we move to the sound,
Cor nostrum una pulsatur, dum ad sonum movemur,
And we let it all go, in this sacred ground.
Et omnia dimittimus, in hoc solo sacrato.

Let's feel the music, as it takes us higher,
Sentiamus musicam, dum ascendit nos ad summum,
And let our inhibitions burn in the fire,
Et inhibere pascamus flamma ardentem,
We have to lose ourselves, and forget about time,
Hodie nos ipsis amittere oportet, et oblivisci temporis,
In this moment of freedom, that feels so divine.
In hoc libero momento, quod tam divinum sentitur.

So let's turn up the radio, and turn off the lights,
Ergo convertamus radiophonicum, et extinguamus lucem,
And let our bodies move, with all their might,

Et corpora nostra ferri permittamus, omnibus viribus,

For in this dance, we find a sense of release,

Nam in hoc saltu, quodam allevamentum invenimus,

And we let go of our worries, and find some peace.

Et sollicitudines dimittimus, et pacem aliquam invenimus.

LXXXII

Human Empire, Imperium Hominum

As the British Empire sailed across the seas,
Sicut Imperium Britannicum per maria navigavit,
Bearing their democracy, and ending slavery,
Suae democratiae iacta portans, servitutemque abolens,
So too should we, as humans, embark on a quest,
Sic etiam nos, ut homines, in cursu seponamus,
To build a Human Empire, and soar across the rest.
Ad aedificandum Humanum Imperium, et supra cetera volamus.

From the Romans to the British, the great empires of old,
Ab Romanis ad Britannos, imperia magnae aetatis,
Their legacies and accomplishments, we can behold.
Eorum legata atque opera, intuemur sanctis.
Now comes the time of man, to forge ahead,
Venit nunc tempus hominis, ut progrediamur,
To build a new empire, to rise up and spread.
Ad extruendum novum imperium, ad crescendum atque ferendum.

We'll sail the stars, on ships that we'll build,

Per astra navibus navigabimus, quas construemus,

And the universe, our destiny, will be filled.

Et universum nostrum destinum replebimus.

We'll bring our ways of life, and our noble cause,

Vitam nostram feremus, causamque nobis praeclarum,

To the far-flung corners of the cosmos.

Ad spatia cosmos ab extremis locis.

We'll trade with new worlds, and share our goods,

Cum mundis novis commercium faciemus, bona nostra dividemus,

We'll spread our knowledge, as far as we could.

Notitiam usque procul propagabimus.

And we'll create a galactic empire, built on hope,

Et galacticum imperium aedificabimus, spe firmatum,

With unity and strength, and the power to cope.

Cum unitate et vi, et virtute sufficiente munitum.

So let us embark on this journey, with courage and pride,

Ergo iter aggrediamur, cum virtute et cum laude,

As we build our human empire, and cross the great divide.

Dum humanum imperium aedificamus, atque magnas transcenderemus fauces.

The future awaits us, with open arms and mind,

Futura nobis panditur, brachia et mentes aperientes,

And the possibilities are endless, for all humankind.

Et opportunitates aeternae, ad omnem humanum genus tendentes.

LXXXIII

God by Mistake, Deus Per Errorem

I stepped into the portal, and traveled through time,

In portam stepsi, et per tempus transii,

Back to the days when the world was in prime.

Ad diem cum mundus erat in optimo statu.

I emerged in a land, wild and free,

In terra emergi, fera et libera,

A place where cavemen roamed and lived in glee.

Ubi cave homines ludebant gaudenter.

They stared in awe, as I materialized,

Admiratione repleti, me apparere viderunt,

A god-like figure, they had realized.

Figuram quasi deum agnoscentes.

They gathered around, curious and amazed,

Circumveniebant, curiosi atque mirantes,

As I showed them the wonders, that technology had raised.

Ut mira, quae technologia creavit, ostenderem.

I pulled out my phone, and showed them its light,

Telephonum exstraxi, lumen eius ostendi,

They gasped in wonder, as it shone bright.

Obviam splendidum effulsit, mirantes exterriti sunt.

I used my lighter, to start a fire,

Ignem accendi, levi fomite,

They watched in amazement, as flames grew higher.

Stupebant, flamma crevit altius.

I pulled out a laser pointer, and aimed it around,

Acus laserium exstraxi, circumiactabam,

They watched the red dot, as it moved on the ground.

Rubra puncta videbant, terra tremebat.

I showed them a torch, with a flame so bright

Lumen intepidum ostendi, pulchritudine ardoris,

And they marveled at the sight, with eyes so wide.

Oculi patentes, mirati sunt immensi.

And then I pulled out my glock, a weapon so fierce,

Flectebant genua, quasi diem agnoverint,

I became God, in ancient times.

Deus factus sum, in tempore antiquo.

And they fell to their knees, as I became their God.

Et genibus flexis ceciderunt, dum Deus eorum factus sum.

With technology so advanced, and power so prime.

Technologia ad summum potentiam pervenit.

But as I looked around, at their primitive ways,

Sed ut circumspiciens, admodum primitivum est,

I knew that I couldn't stay, in these ancient days.

In hac antiquitate manere non possum.

I stepped back into the portal, and returned to my time,

In portam remeavi, et tempori meo regressus sum,

With memories of a world, so primitive and sublime.

Cum memoria mundi tam primitivi et sublimis.

LXXXIV

Diamonds

Nature's secret, now man-made,
Natura arcanum, iam arte creata,
A jewel once rare, is now a trade.
Gemmula quae rara fuerat, nunc mercata.
No longer found deep in the earth,
Non iam terrae profunde invenitur,
Diamonds now can be given birth.
Diamantes nunc partu dantur.

No more the product of great pressure and time,
Pressura et temporis non magis productus,

Manufactured gems are now in their prime.
Artificiales gemmae sunt nunc fructus.

The market for diamonds, a well-crafted scam,
Mercatus diamantum est dolus probatus,
To make us believe, that we need them.

Ut nobis persuadeant, illis indigemus.

But why pay a fortune, for a stone so small,
Sed cur fortunas solvimus, pro lapide tam parvo,
When the same beauty, can come from a lab ?
Cum eadem pulchritudo, ex labore fit ?

A diamond's value, is what we're told to see,
Pretium diamantum, ut aiunt, videre debemus,

But true value, comes from you and me.
Sed verus valor, ex nobis nascitur.

A diamond's worth, is not in its shine,
Diamantis valor, non in splendore consistit,
But in the love that it's meant to define.
Sed in amore, cuius significatur.

So let us not be fooled, by the diamond trade,
Non fallamur ergo, mercatu diamantum,
And cherish the love, that can never be made.

Sed amorem quern nemo fabricatur.

LXXXV

[ALT] Just Me, Solus Me

At the end of time, on a desolate land,

In fine temporis, in terra desolata,

I sift through sand, grains slipping from my hand,

Per arenas tergebat, granis fluens e manu lata,

Time sand, it's called, with every particle a story,

Arenam temporis, ita vocant, cuiusquem partículam una fabula,

A universe, a galaxy, each one with its own glory.

Unum universum, unum galaxiam, cujusque gloria singula.

As I hold it close, it shows me their view,

Dum tenere adducunt, suis exhibent aspectibus,

Simultaneously, every perspective, old and new,

Simul, omne visum, vetus et novum, quisque habet adspectus,

Creation unfolds before me, a tapestry of life,

Creations ante oculos, vita coloribusque distincta,

In every corner, every edge, beauty and strife.

In omni angulo, in omni ora, pulchritudo et pugna.

But I wait on the last planet, in the last galaxy,

Sed expecto in ultima planeta, in ultima galaxia,

With the last dying star's light upon me,

Ultimae stellae morituro lumine meus pectora hiat,

It's rays upon my face, a final goodbye,

Radiis ultimi salutis, ad faciem meum cadentibus,

I sit, lonely and crying, as I watch it die.

Sedeo, solus et fleo, dum mori animam video.

I've seen it all, from beginning to end,

Vidi a principio ad finem, incepta et facta,

Witnessed creation and destruction, my heart to bend,

Vitae et ruinam perspexi, mens meus flectata,

But now I wait for the end, for it all to reset,

Sed nunc expecto finem, ut universum instauretur,

For a chance to start anew, to forget and to forget.

Ut obliviscar et oblivisci possim, et quod obmutetur.

For what good is eternity, if all that's left is pain,

Quid est in aeternitate, si dolor sola res,

If loneliness is all I have, nothing else to gain ?

Et solitudo sit omne quod est mihi superes ?

So I sit, with the time sand slipping through my grasp,

Itaque sedeo, tempore aevoque fluxo fluente,

Waiting for the end, for this all to finally lapse.

Ad finem aeternitatis, ut omnia tandem pereant.

Fish Hunt - Value Select

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Iō, iō, iō, iō

It's a perfect day for a fish hunt

Dies perfectus est piscationis venaticae

So I'll load up all my swords in his Honda Accord Sport

Itaque oneraabo omnia gladios in Honda Accord Sport eius

2015, it's a good car

Anno MMXV, bonus vehiculum est

Not a great car, but it's a good car

Non magnum, sed bonus

Electric windows down, feel the breeze

Fenestras electricas subducam, flabrum sentio

I brought CDs!

CDs attuli!

Each one's Alicia Keys

Alicia Keys uterque est

We get pumped 'n ready

Stimulati sumus parati

I got guns aplenty

Pila multae habeo

Man, these fish gonna die

Pisces morituri sunt

Lock hands 'till they get sweaty !

Manus arripiamus donec madefiat !

And when they dry, then we know we arrived

Sicque siccis scimus pervenisse

Grab the fish killing permit from the Ranger Guy

Piscandi permissum a Magistro Silvae quaerimus

He said, " Son, listen here, look me in my eye, "

Dixit, " Audi, mi fili, in hunc oculum meum, "

He only had one eye !

Unum solum oculum habebat !

It wasn't hard to find

Nisi difficile invenire

" I had astigmatism in the left one

" Unum oculum in laeva astigmatismus habui

And the fish knew this, so they plucked out my best one

Piscibus hoc compertum est, ergo optimum extraxerunt

Not only that, but they killed my wife

Non solum hoc, sed uxor meus periit

So take this book of spells, and this enchanted scythe. "

Ergo accipe hanc liber magicus et hanc falcem encantatam. "

Right

Recte

Yeah, fish hunt, fish hunt

Ita piscis venationem

These fish have legs

Horum pedes habent

And these fish can run

Et currere sciunt

Seven foot tall and proficient at fencin' and wrestlin'

Septem pedes alti sunt, certi in gladio et lucta

Let's find a nest, and eject them!

Inveniamus sedem et eos expellamus!

Blood moon rise when we reached the hive

Sanguis luna sublevatur cum ad sedem pervenimus

I was killing many fish with my many knives!

Piscium plures gladiis meis confodiebam!

Shot my musket at the Fish King, one of his fish wings

Ad regem piscium phalangam meum petramus, alam unam eius

He summoned several skeletons to do his bidding!

Plures scelletos ad nutum eius evocavit!

Epic fight!

Epica pugna!

Too expensive to show

Tantum pretiosa ut demonstrem

I'm only one man and I live at home

Unus tantum vir sum et domi vivo

But legend has it to this very day

Sed fama hactenus loquitur

That the war rages on

Bellum adhuc inter fratres et regem piscium durat

'Tween the brothers and the Fish King

Inter fratres et Regem Piscium

But that's a story for another time

Sed hoc fabula est aliud tempus narranda

So good night little one, dream of dolphins tonight

Ergo, te, parvule, bene vale, delphinum somniabis hac nocte

That's a story for another time

Illa fabula est aliud tempus narranda

So good night little one, dream of dolphins tonight

Ergo, te, parvule, bene vale, delphinum somniabis hac nocte

LXXXVI

Soul Body and Mind, Animus Corpus et Mens

A healthy soul, body, and mind,
Mens sana, corpus sanus, animus sanus,
Are treasures we must strive to find.
Thesauri sunt quos petere debemus.
For without them, we are incomplete,
Nam sine illis, vita incompleta est,
And cannot live our lives so sweet.
Et dulcem eam nequeamus habere test.

Our souls, like gardens, must be tended,
Ut hortus, ita mens cura indiget,
With love and care, our hearts defended.
Cordibus nostris caritate texit.

For only then can they bloom and grow,
Tum florescit, crescitque anima,
And guide us through life's ebb and flow.
Nosque gubernet per vitae stamina.

Our bodies, too, require attention,

Corpus etiam requirit munusculum,

With exercise and good nutrition.

Motu et alimentis aequabilium.

For they are temples, strong and true,

Nam templum fortis est, robur tenet,

Et vitam traducit, quod semel advenit.

And will carry us our whole life through.

And our minds, oh, how they need exercise,

Et mens, quam exercere nos oportet,

To control our thoughts and avoid demise.

Ut cogitationes vitare possit nefas.

For thoughts become actions, and actions our fate,

Nam ex cogitatione agitur res,

So let us choose wisely, and not tempt fate.

Consilio eligere debemus non minus.

Exercise, unique and highly effective,

Motus exercentes, aptissime eligimus,

Is key to controlling oneself and directive.

Ut animum possimus habere librum.

For through movement, we strengthen our will,

Nam voluntas nostra robur capit,

And with discipline, we learn to be still.

Et disciplina nos ad pacem tradit.

So let us strive, each day anew,

Conemur, itaque, cotidie novum,

To care for our souls, bodies, and minds too.

Mentem corpusque cunctum servare suum.

For in this quest, we'll find our peace,

In hoc stadio, pacem inveniemus,

And live a life of joy and ease.

Et vitam felicem optime vivemus.

LXXXVII

To the Stars, Ad Astra

The world we live in, so fragile and small,
Mundus in quo vivimus, tam fragile et parvus,
Suffers from our deeds, as we take and take it all.
Luctatur nostris factis, quibus auferimus totum.

Our planet groans, as we consume and waste,
Terra nostra gemens, dum sumimus atque spargimus,
And we must find new ways, before it's too late.
Et novas vias inveniendum nobis est, antequam sit nimis sero.

We build our ships, to sail the stars above,
Navis extruimus, ut supra sidera navigemus,
And seek new resources, to fuel our love.
Et res novas quaeramus, quibus amor noster alimentetur.

For we have done too much damage here below,
Nam damna nimis multa fecimus hic inferius,
And we must seek new ways, to make it all grow.

Et novas vias quaerere debemus, ut cuncta crescant.

We look to asteroids, and to the moon,

Aspidibus et lunae aspiciimus,

And set up bases, that will be our boon.

Et bases constituimus, quibus nobis utile sit.

For the resources there, are cheap and vast,

Nam ibi res sunt paucae et magnae,

And will fuel our growth, for years to last.

Quae nostram progressionem alimentabunt, multis annis duraturae.

We'll move the resources, from space to earth,

Res ex spatio in terram movemus,

And share them equally, for all to have worth.

Eaeque aequaliter distribuemus, ut omnibus dignitas sit.

No more wars over oil, or water to drink,

Nullae pugnae propter oleum, aut aquam bibere,

For the universe provides, a new way to think.

Nam universum novum rationem cogitandi nobis praebet.

Let us explore, the vastness of space,

Explorare pergamus, spatio immenso,

And seek new ways, to save our place.

Et novas vias quaeramus, ut salutem nostram conservemus.

For our planet, and all that we hold dear,

Nam tellus nostra, et cuncta quae carissima habemus,

Will benefit from the vision, that we hold so near.

Ab visione, quam proxime tenemus, lucrabuntur.

LXXXVIII

Gods All Around, Dei Undique

In this world we stand so tall,

In hoc mundo alti stamus,

As humans, we're the highest call,

Tamquam homines, sumus vocatio maxima,

We've built and crafted from the ground,

A fundamento aedificavimus et fabricavimus,

And now our world is truly sound.

Et nunc mundus noster vere est solidus.

No higher power stands above,

Nihil est potentius superius,

No savior to lift us up,

Nemo servator nos erigit,

No deity from ancient lore,

Nec deus ex antiquis narraturis,

Can make us more than what we are.

Nos plus quam quod sumus efficit.

We are the gods of our domain,

Sumus dii domini nostri,

Creating worlds from what remains,

Mundum ex reliquiis creantes,

And as we face each challenge anew,

Et quomodo quisque novum certamen affert,

Our strength and will can see us through.

Vis nostra et voluntas nos perducunt.

No magic words or fancied spells,

Verba magica et ficta incantamenta,

Can save us from the harshest hells,

Non possunt nos ex miserrimis infernis servare,

But when we band together strong,

Sed quando fortiter concorditerque coniungimus,

We find the way, we can't go wrong.

Viam invenimus, non erramus.

So let us stand and take our place,

Ergo stantes locum nostrum capiamus,

As rulers of the human race,

Tamquam rectores hominum,

And with our knowledge and our skill,

Et scientia et arte nostra,

We'll make a world that's better still.

Mundum meliorem faciemus.

LXXXIX

Visions of Giza, Visio Gisaeensis

Amidst the heat and sand so fine,

Inter aestum et arenas tam finas,

I saw a vision, so divine.

Visum mirum mihi obversabatur.

Men at the pyramids, toiling away,

Homines ad pyramides laborabant,

Moving blocks up rams of sandstone grey.

Lapidibus onera levabant, per arenam ferreis fustibus.

Each man, strong as an ox they seemed,

Unusquisque tamquam bos fortis videbatur,

With muscles rippling, and sweat that gleamed.

Musculis tensis et sudore nitentibus.

Their faces, determined, their eyes aglow,

Vultus eorum determinati, oculi exsultantes,

As they worked to build the structures below.

Struxerunt et aedificaverunt opus subter.

But then, as day turned into night,

Tunc, cum dies in noctem mutavit,

A new sight came into sight.

Visus novus apparuit.

Tents, small and open, blowing in the breeze,

Tentoria parva et aperta flatu flante,

Each man with a cup, sipping with ease.

Unusquisque habebat poculum, sine cura bibebat.

The one closest to me, with cup in hand,

Ille proximus mihi, cum poculo in manu,

Drank deeply, his face serene and grand.

Fregit profunde, vultu sereno et magno.

Cupping the bowl in both his hands,

Summis manibus poculum complebat,

He savored the drink, as if in a trance.
Gustavit potionem, tanquam in somnis.

In that moment, I saw the balance,
Tunc conspectus balance se praebuit,
Of work and rest, a perfect dance.
Laboris et quietis perfectae concordiae.

The men who toil by day and night,
Homines qui die noctuque laborant,
And those who rest, in the soft moonlight.
Et homines qui requiescunt, sub luna molli.

The vision faded, but the memory stayed,
Visus evanuit, memoria tamen manet,
Of men who work, and men who played.
Homines laborantes et ludientes.
Of pyramids, so grand and tall,
De pyramide, tanta et magna,
And of the men who built them all.
Et homines qui struxerunt eas omnes.

XC

Leave You to Dream, Te Relinquo Dormitum

In the dream, I wandered far and wide,

In somnio, longe ambulavi et vagatus sum,

Through landscapes strange, my mind did ride.

Per terras miras, mens meus vehebatur.

A world so wondrous, yet so unreal,

Mundus tam mirabilis, tam irrealis,

A place where I could truly feel.

Locus ubi vere sentire possem.

But then I woke, and with a start,

Sed tunc expergefactus sum, et cum subitate,

I found myself torn apart;

Me divisum inveni;

For though my eyes could see the light,

Nam licet oculi mei lumen aspicerent,

A part of me was lost in flight.

Aliquid ex meus animus volatilis erat amissum.

It stayed behind in that dreamy land,

Illic remansit in illo terrae somnolenta,

A figment of my imagination's hand,

Figmentum manus mei imaginationis,

Living a life that was not quite real,

Vita vivens quae non est satis realis,

But oh, how it could truly feel.

Sed quamquam tam verum sentire posset.

I longed to go back and rejoin that part,

Cupiebam redire et partem illam reuniri,

To let my soul fly free and restart;

Ut anima meus volaret libera et reciperetur;

But the real world called, and I had to go,

Sed vocabat mundus verus, et ire debui,

Leaving behind that dreamy glow.

Relinquens splendorem ille somni.

And so I live, torn between two worlds,

Itaque vivo, divisus inter duas mundos,

One of reality, the other unfurled,

Unum realitatis, alterum effusum.

But in my heart, I know the truth,

Sed in corde meo veritatem novi,

That some part of me will always be aloof.

Quod pars mei semper aliena erit.

Lost in a dream that I cannot quite grasp,

In somniu perditus, quod non capere possum,

A memory that will forever last.

Memoria quae semper manebit.

But I carry on, for what else can I do ?

Sed tamen fero, quid aliud facere possum ?

Knowing that the dream world will always be true.

Sciens quod mundus somni semper verus erit.

XCI

Do You Know Truly ? Scisne Tu Verum ?

There's nothing you can teach me,

Non est aliquid quod me docere possis,

That I can't learn myself,

Quod non ipsa discere possim,

For I am the student of life,

Nam vitae discipulus sum,

And understanding is my wealth.

Et scientia est meus opulentia.

I am a curious soul,

Anima curiosa sum,

Always seeking to explore,

Semper explorare volens,

I'll find my own path,

Meum viam inveniam,

And learn what I'm looking for.

Et quod quaero discam.

You may think you have the answers,

Putares te responsiones habere,

For it's in the journey of learning,

Non est aliquid quod me docere possis

But I must discover on my own,

Sed meum est solum invenire,

For in the path of learning, true wisdom is born.

Nam in via discendi vera sapientia nascitur.

My mind is open and eager,

Mens meus aperta est ac alacris,

To take on every challenge I face,

Ut omne certamen suscipiam,

I'll find my own way to understanding,

Meum viam ad intellegendum inveniam,

And move at my own pace.

Et suo cursu procedam.

So don't underestimate me,

Ergo non me subestimaveris,

Or think that I can't learn,

Nec existimes non posse me discere,

For there's nothing you can teach me,

Nam nihil est quod me docere possis,

That I can't discover and discern.

Quod non potero invenire et discernere.

I'll chart my own course,

Meum iter ipse tracabor,

And make my own discoveries,

Et proprias inventiones faciam,

For I am the master of my own learning,

Nam magister discendi sui sum,

And my knowledge is my victory.

Et meus scientia meus victoria est.

XCII

Man, Vir

Oh mortal man, in folly born,

O vrio mortalis, stulte natus,

With reason frail and passions torn,

Cum mente fragili et passione lacerata,

In God's own image formed to be,

Ad imaginem Dei formatus es,

A blend of grace and frailty.

Miscela gratiae et fragilitatis.

With senses keen and mind so bright,

Sensus acuti et mens tam clara,

You rule the world with all your might,

Mundum regis vi tua maxima,

But pride and greed, your heart entwine,

Sed superbia et avaritia cor tuum stringunt,

And lead you down a path malign.

Et te in viam perversam trahunt.

You seek the truth with eager zest,

Veritatem studiose quaeris,

And all the mysteries to digest,

Et omnia mysteria ediscere vis,

Yet grasp so little of the whole,

At tam pauca totius comprehendis,

And learn but fragments of the goal.

Et ad scopum tantum fragmenta discis.

From dust you rise and dust you'll be,

Ex pulvere oritur et pulvere fiet,

In every age and time you'll see,

In omni aetate et tempore videbis,

Your life, a momentary spark,

Vitam tuam, momentum fulguris,

A mere blip in history's dark.

Brevis punctum in historiae tenebris.

Yet still you strive with hope in heart,

At tu tamen cum spe in corde nitens,

To play your role and do your part,

Rogam ut partes tuas facias,

To find your place and live your life,

Locum tuum invenias et vitam vivas,

Amidst the turmoil and the strife.

Inumultu et conflictu huius mundi.

So hold fast to the good and true,

Taque bona et vera tene firmum,

Let love and kindness guide you through,

Amor et bonitas te perducant,

And when your journey is complete,

Et cum itineris tui tempus impleatur,

May heaven's light shine at your feet.

Lux caelestis ad pedes tuos luceat.

XCIII

Piano

With fingers poised above the keys,
Cum digiti super clavibus suspensi sunt,
I close my eyes and let my mood seize,
Oculos claudo et humorem meum capio,
The notes that I will soon unleash,
Notas quas mox effundam,
In melodies that will never cease.
In melodiis quae numquam desinent.

My hands begin to move at will,
Manus mei voluntate incipiunt moveri,

Pressing keys with a sense of thrill,
Claves cum sensu laetitiae premunt,
It may seem random to the eye,
Visum sequitur fortuitum,
But to me, it's a way to imply,
Sed mihi, hoc est modus significandi,

The many moods that I possess,

Multos mores quos habeo,

From anger to a calming caress.

A furore usque ad lenem lenocinium.

It can be insidious and nefarious,

Insidiosus et perniciosus esse potest,

Or sweet and light, like a breath of airous.

Vel dulcis et levis, veluti aura.

The piano keys are my canvas,

Claves pianorum meorum sunt tabula,

My emotions, the colors that I harness.

Mota animi, colores quos amplector.

Each note a brushstroke, each chord a hue,

Quisque nota est velut colaphus, velut tinctura,

Creating a masterpiece that's brand new.

Facere capolavorum quod novum est.

The music flows like a gentle breeze,

Musica velut aura mollis fluere potest,

Or it can be like raging seas.

Velut mare saevire potest.

It echoes the joys and the sorrows,

Exultationes et dolores resonat,

Of all the moments that we borrow.

Momentorum quos prendimus.

So let me sit and play for a while,

Ergo satis sedere et aliquandiu ludere,

And let the music make you smile.

Et musica faciem tuam florere permittere.

For in this piano, there's magic inside,

Nam in hoc piano magia recondita est,

A world of emotions that can't be denied.

Mundus morum, qui negari non potest.

XCIV

Sun Lit Train Ride, Iter in Treno Luce Solis

On a train, in the morning sun,

In treno, mane solis lumine,

A journey begun, a journey fun,

Iter factum, iter ludendum,

The light hits the table where we sit,

Lux tabulam tangit, ubi sedemus,

And all around, the world is lit.

Et per orbem lux omnia concutit.

Through fields of green, we make our way,

Per campos virides procedimus,

Past cows and sheep and horses at play,

Praeter boves, oves, et equos ludentes,

And bales of hay piled high and neat,

Et acervos foeni altos atque ordinatos,

As the train chugs on, a steady beat.

Dum taurus constanter fertur.

Power lines hum and crackle by,
Funibus electricis praeclaram sonitum emittentibus
As we pass ponds and canals, where fish swim nigh,
Per stagna et fossas agimus, ubi piscis natat,
Hills of green roll by in splendor,
Colles virides florentissimi conspiciuntur,
As we watch the world in sweet surrender.
Dum mundo dulci subditi spectamus.

The clouds, like ornaments hung from heaven,
Nubes caelestes, velut ornatus ex marmore,
Imperial white, against blue skies so bright,
Regaliter albae contra caelum lucidum se erigunt,
They soar and glide, like dragons in flight,
Volitantes et glissantes, velut dracones in volatu,
As the train speeds on, a wondrous sight.
Dum taurus rapit nos per stupenda spectacula.

The journey carries on, so serene,
Iter serenum, tranquillum extitit,
As we sit and watch, a tranquil scene,

Dum sedemus spectantes sceneam pacificam,

The world unfolds, like a dream,

Mundus ut somnium se pandit,

A symphony of sights, a joyful gleam.

Cum signis symphonia, laeta luce.

And as we reach our journey's end,

Et dum finem itineris attingimus,

We know that life is a journey, my friend,

Cognoscimus vitam itineris esse, amice,

A wondrous ride, full of delight,

Ridemusque pleni laetitia,

If we open our eyes, and take in the sight.

Si oculis aperimus, spectacula capientes.

XCV

Dream Nexus, Somnia Nexus

In the dream I found myself,

In somnio me inveni,

A world surreal, a dizzying well,

Mundus surrealis, puteus vertiginosus,

Aware I was, but not for long,

Sensus eram, sed non diu,

For in this dream, time seemed wrong.

Nam in hoc somnio, tempus errabat.

I felt a presence, a strange pull,

Sentiebam praesentiam, trahere ignotum,

A force that tugged at my soul,

Vis quae animam meum traxit,

Towards a wall, I floated with ease,

Ad murum, fluitans cum facilitate,

And then I passed, as if by a breeze.

Tum transii, quasi aura.

A nexus I found, a place so strange,

Nexam inveni, locum tam insolitum,

A hub of dreams, a cosmic range,

Concentrator somniorum, ambitus cosmicus,

A place where dreams would intertwine,

Locus ubi somnia invicem texerent,

And time and space were not defined.

Et spatium temporisque non definiebantur.

A hypercube of four dimensions,

Hypercubus quattuor dimensionum,

A shape so strange, beyond comprehension,

Forma tam insolita, ultra comprehensum,

It pulsed and moved, like a beating heart,

Pulsabat et movebat, velut cor batens,

A living nexus, from where dreams would start.

Nexus vivens, ex quo somnia nascebantur.

I felt a tug, a pull within,

Sensum tenui, trahi sentiebam,

A beckoning call, to venture in,
Vocareque invitante, intrare ausus sum,
To explore the dreams that lay ahead,
Explorare somnia quae praeibant,
And see the world from a different thread.
Mundum ex filo altero intueri.

With trepidation, I stepped inside,
Cum timore, intravi intus,
And there before me, worlds did collide,
Et ecce, mundi cohaeserunt,
A tapestry of dreams, so vast and grand,
Tapestry somniorum, tam vastum et magnum,
A sea of wonder, at my command.
Mare mirabilis, sub imperio meo.

I wandered through this dreamland fair,
Ambulavi per terram somni,
In awe of all that lay out there,
Mirabilia cuncta praesens,

And with each step, I felt the pull,

Et passu quolibet, sensi trahere,

Of a new dream, a world so full.

Novum somnium, mundum tam plenum.

The nexus pulsed, and time did bend,

Nexus pulsabat, tempus flectebat,

As I moved through worlds, without an end,

Dum movens eram, sine fine,

A place of dreams, so vast and wide,

Locus somniorum, tam vastum et latum,

Where the imagination could take a ride.

Ubi imaginatio transiri poterat.

And so I wandered, through this dreamland fair,

taque ambulavi, per terram somni,

A place so strange, beyond compare,

Locus tam insolitus, nulla comparatio,

And in that moment, I knew it true,

Et eo momento, verum scivi,

That anything was possible, if I wanted to.

Quod si vellem, omnia fieri possent.

XCVI

Dreams of Memes, Somnii Memes

Memes, oh memes, they fill my dreams,

Memes, o Memes, somnia meus implent,

Asleep or awake, they're all I see it seems,

Vigilans aut dormiens, videntur mihi sola.

From cats to politics, they come in all themes,

Ab felibus ad politicam, veniunt in omnia themata,

And oh, how they make me laugh, it seems.

Et quam iocosum est, risus concitant.

Their humor is quick, their impact so great,

Humor eorum celeriter venit, impetus tantus,

A viral sensation, they spread like wildfire, mate.

Sensationem viralem concitant, veluti ignis ardent.

From one screen to another, they propagate,

De uno schermo ad alium propagantur,

And bring joy to all, both early and late.

Et omnibus gaudium afferunt, mane et sero.
They come in the form of pictures, videos, and gifs,
Sunt forma picturarum, viderum ac giffarum,
And are shared and liked with a few clicks.
Et cum paucis digitis divulgantur et faveantur.

A new meme every day, oh what a gift,
Novus Memes quotidie, o quam pretiosum donum,

To brighten up our lives and give us kicks.
Ad vitam nostram oblectandam ac excitandam.

So I'll keep on dreaming of memes, I know,
Itaque somniabo Memes, hoc scio,
And share them with friends, wherever I go.
Et cum amicis communicabo, ubicumque eam ducam.

For their humor is timeless, and their impact will grow,
Nam humores eorum sempiterni sunt, et impetus eorum crescet,
And fill my dreams with laughter, high and low.
Et somnia meus gaudio, sublimi et humili, implebit.

XCVII

Frames, Lags ?: Imagines, Exasperatio ?

A COD player, skilled and quick,

Ludens Vocatio Deberis habilis et velocis,

Needs FPS to land each hit,

Indiget Imagines per secundum ut cadas singulos,

To win the game and reign supreme,

Ad ludum vincendum et summo regno,

And dominate with their gaming dream.

Et somnio ludendi dominando.

But when the lag sets in, oh no,

At ubi exasperatio obvenit,

Their kills and wins become slow,

Interitus et victoria morantur,

Frustration builds and tempers rise,

Frustratio crescit iraeque concitantur,

As they struggle to survive.

Dum pugnant ut vivant.

Contrast this with a point and click player,

Hoc contra ludens apud quem digitus est instrumentum,

Whose skills are just as great, no slayer,

Cujus peritia non minus magnifica, non mactator,

" FPS ? You mean the game ? " they say,

" Imagines per secundum ? Num dicis ludum ? aiunt "

" And lag ? What's that, I play my way. "

" Et exasperatio ? Quid id est ? Meo modo ludo. "

For them, it's not about reaction time,

Ipsi non de tempore reactionis agunt,

Or frame rate that needs to shine,

Nec de lumine quam lucida sit ratio,

It's strategy, thought, and patience too,

Sed de consilio, cogitatione et patientia,

That help them succeed and see it through.

Quibus succedunt et iterum suscipiunt.

So while FPS may be the key,

Ita licet Imagines per secundum sit clavis,

For some, it's not the only guarantee,

Non est sola certitudo pro quibusdam,

It's the player's skill that truly matters,

Ars ludicri vere est quae valent,

And the joy of the game that flatters.

Et laetitia ludentis quae laudatur.

XCVIII

Do You Even Lift

Sisyphus labored day and night,

Sisyphus laboravit, die ac nocte,

Pushing his rock with all his might,

Saxum suum omnibus viribus pulsans,

Ascending up the steep mountain high,

Ad montem arduum ascendebat,

But every time he tried, it would defy.

Sed cum tentaret, semper resurgebat.

One day, Xenia came to him,

Unum diem Xenia venit ad eum,

And said to him with a grin,

Et sic ei dixit,

" I'll increase your reward, my friend,

" Tibi mercedem augebo, amice,

If you push that rock until the end. "

Si illud saxum pulsabis usque ad finem. "

Sisyphus, with a wise voice,

Sisyphus, risu in voce, Ad eam dixit sapienter,

Laughed and said, " You don't pay me to push the rock,

Illustravit et ait, “ Non me conducis ut saxum pellam,

But I thank you for your not insignificant thought. "

Sed gratias ago pro cogitatione, haudquaquam parva. "

Xenia laughed at his clever words, And replied with playful lips,

Xenia risit ad suum ingeniosum dictum,Et respondit labris iocosis.

" I'll increase your reward, my friend,

" Etiam, intellego tua incommoda,

If you push that rock until the end. "

Sed perge pulsare cum omni vi. "

But then a bigger rock appeared,

Sed tum apparuit maior saxum,

Whose size and weight Sisyphus feared,

Cujus magnitudinem ac pondus multum timuit,

He groaned under its added weight,

Cum precariis conatus summus conabatur,

Striving with all his might to elevate.

Sisyphus gemitu adiectae ponderositatis.

Ascending and ascending, pushing and laboring,

Ascendens et ascendens, pulsat et laborat,

But all his efforts were in vain,

Sed frustra totus laboret,

The rock returned to its own pain,

Saxum redit ad dolorem suum,

And Sisyphus was left to complain.

Et Sisyphus conqueri solum permittitur.

Forever he pushes that rock,

In aeternum illud saxum pulsat,

Its fate is to always rebound and knock,

Ejus fatum in semper rebattendo,

But he will persevere with all his might,

Sed impetu perseverabit,

For Sisyphus is a titan of virtue's might.

Nam est Sisyphus, titanus virtutis.

XCIX

Chim

From the land of Morrowind, comes a tale,

Ex terra Morrowindiae, fabula venit,

Of a concept that's hard to unveil.

De conceptu difficili, quod patet nescit.

It's called Chim, a state of mind,

Chim dicitur, animae status mentis,

Where the truth of the world, one can find.

Ubi veritatem mundi quisque invenit.

It's an awakening, of sorts,

Excitatio quaedam est, huiusce rei,

To the idea that we are not the forts,

Ad ideam quod non sumus forti, sed rei,

Of this world, but rather a part,

Partem huius mundi, somni magni,

Of a dream, that's both strange and smart.

Mirus et sapiens, qui nostra sensi.

We are not the dreamers, you see,

Non sumus somniatores, scis,

But a part of the dream, that's free,

Sed pars somni, qua liberis,

To explore, and to create,

Explorare possumus et creare,

To love, and to hate.

Amare ac odisse, simulque juvare.

But there's a catch, to this concept so bold,

Sed caput hic est, huiusce notionis,

For the dreamer is not us, but rather untold,

Nam somniator non sumus nos, sed alius est visus,

A wakeless dreamer, beyond our reach,

Igneus qui somniat, sine somno vigil,

Whose will shapes the dream, with a silent speech.

Cuius voluntas format somnum, silentio stabili.

To attain Chim, one must see,

Ad Chim accedendum, videre oportet,

This truth of the world, and agree,

Veritatem huius mundi, cui parendum est,

To accept, and to embrace,

Accipere et amplecti,

The dream that we're in, with its endless grace.

Somnum, quo fruimur, cui adhaerere debemus.

For in this dream, we find meaning and worth,

Nam in hoc somno, invenimus sententiam ac meritum,

And a chance to live, beyond this earth,

Et vitae, ultra terram, alium regimen,

To explore, and to create,

Explorare possumus et creare,

To love, and to hate.

Amare ac odisse, simulque juvare.

So let us embrace the concept of Chim,

Ergo conceptum Chim amplectamur,

And see the world, with a new limb,

Et mundum, novo intuitu conspicimus,

For in this state of mind, we find,

Nam in hac mentis status, veritatem invenimus,

The truth of the world, that's both bold and kind.

Mundi quae est fortis et benignus.

C

Formless, Limitless Void, Vacuum Forma Carens et Infinita

I find myself,

In uno vacuo nihili, me invenio,

Where time and decay hold no sway.

Ubi tempus et corruptio nullam habent vim.

No air to breathe, no wind to blow,

Nullus aer respirandus, nullus ventus flandus,

No length or depth, no height to know.

Nulla longitudo aut altitudo noscenda.

I float in stillness, weightless and free,

Levito immobilis, ponderis expers et liber,

Gazing out into infinity.

In infinitum inspiciens.

A void that stretches endlessly,

Vacuum, quod se in infinitum porriget,

With nothing but particles shining at me.
Nihil nisi particulas fulgentes mihi offerens.

Dust suspended in the air,
Pulvis in aere suspensus,
Sparkling bright without a care.
Splendens fulgidus sine cura.

In this void, I am alone,
In hoc vacuum solus sum,
But somehow, I feel at home.
Sed aliquo modo me domi sentio.

A place where nothing can be found,
Locus, ubi nihil inveniri potest,
Yet, peace and calm still surround.
Tamen pax et tranquillitas circumdant.

In this void, I find release,
In hoc vacuum, liberationem invenio,

A place where my soul can find peace.

Locus, ubi anima meus pacem invenit.

So let me float in this endless space,

Sic me sinas levitare in hoc spatio infinito,

Where time and decay have no place.

Ubi tempus et corruptio non inveniuntur.

Where the void envelops me whole,

Ubi vacuum me totum involvit,

And Spotting particles of dust is my only goal.

Et detegere particulas pulvis est unicus meus scopus.

CI

Whole and Parts, Totum et Pars

The sum of parts, we often say,
Summa partium, ut solemus dicere,
Can only add up to their way,
Non nisi eorum modo addi potest,
But sometimes systems break the mold,
Sed interdum systemata formam rumpunt,
And new outputs are then unrolled.
Et novi effectus tunc eliciunt.

For in a system, there's a force,
Nam in systemate vis quaedam latet,

That's greater than each tiny source,
Quae fontes exigui superat,
And though the inputs may be fixed,
Et quamvis inputa fixa sint,
The outputs can be intermixed.
Eiusdem outputus commistio est.

It's not just what goes in the pot,

Non est in olla tantum quod ponitur,

But how it's stirred and what is wrought,

Sed etiam modus quo concoquitur,

The alchemy of what's combined,

Fermentum compositi mira ratione miscet,

Can give a new result, we find.

Novum efficiens quod nemo praedict.

The whole is greater than its parts,

Totum pluribus quam partibus est,

A mystery that defies charts,

Miraculum quod mentem superest,

For though the pieces may seem small,

Nam quamvis singula minora sint,

They make a pattern that's enthralled.

Configunt ornamens quod nos extimant.

So let us not just see each part,

Itaque non partes solum spectemus,

But understand the whole, in heart,

Sed totum corde complectamur,

For though the inputs may dictate,

Nam quamvis inputa dominentur,

It's the system that will create.

Sed systema effectus creare potest.

And so we journey through our lives,

Ita per vitam currere satagimus,

As parts within a system thrives,

Partes systematis quae vivunt,

And though we may be just one part,

Et quamvis unusquisque sis pars,

Together, we can make new art.

Coniuncti novam artem efficimus.

CII

From Dust More Dust, Ex Pulvere Plus Pulvis

A galaxy born of emotions deep,

Nascitur ex imis astrum lacrimaeque profundis,

Stored up inside, a secret keep;

Retinens clausum pectus taciturna dolis;

For years they simmered, undisturbed,

Inque annis lento fervent vestigia motu,

But in one moment, they all converged.

Sed subito moles colligit omnis opus.

A force too great, too vast to hold,

Vis nimia et magni pondus in corde latet,

Within the heart, a tale untold,

Et historia muta turba nec narrat,

And so they burst, with fiery might,

Tumque efflant animae, flammasque propinant,

A blinding flash, a cosmic sight.

Fulgura fusa micant, sidera feriun.

Somewhere out there, in unknown space,

Ibi ignotis ubi spatia verticibus orbis,

A new galaxy takes its place;

Stella nova surgit, lucente micans soror;

Born of the energy released,

Nam tristi frigentia claustra resoluto,

From emotions that were once deceased.

Surgit exuta gravi moerore parens.

From dust we come, to dust we go,

Pulvis es, ad pulvis te reducis unicus ordo,

But in between, a chance to grow,

Sed vivis interea, germina vitae decus,

And if fulfilled, our destiny,

Qua satis est, peragenda est nobis via,

To leave a trail of dust, to be.

Vestigium pulveris relinquere, esse.

So don't hold back, let emotions flow,

Ergo ne prohibeas lacrimas aut rictus amaros,

For even in their ebb and woe;

Vis scit quae clausa est, ferre nova lumina;

They hold a power, yet untold,

In visu quid sit, telluris enim est horrida forma,

To birth new galaxies, and worlds unfold.

Emicat in mundo gemma futura poli.

As much as things are, so much are things, life often shows us,

Quam sunt res, totidem res sunt, vita saepe nobis ostendit,

How easily we thought ourselves able to bear spoils just now.

Qualiter facili crediderimus rapinas ferre posse.

Fortune rages, and overturns all that we have built,

Fortuna furit et omnia quae aedificavimus everit,

So that we may better understand the value of life, small as it is.

Ut melius vitae, quamvis parvae, valore percipiamus.

For life is unstable, and often has an uncertain path,

Nam vita instabilis est et saepe incertum iter habet,

Rushing headlong towards its end.

In exitium praecipitans.

This long road of life, full of dangers and labors,

Hoc longum vitae iter, periculorum ac laborum plenum,

Sometimes brings us sorrowful misfortunes.

Saepius nobis affert tristes casus.

But while we live, hope will always be with us,

Sed dum vivimus, spes nobiscum semper erit,

Urging us to attain something greater.

Nos incitans ad maius aliquid adipiscendum.

We should not fear eternal evils,

Non debemus timere aeterna mala,

For hope helps us, and gives us the strength to act.

Nam spes adiuvat nos et dat robur agendi.

Thus life is, full of chance and uncertainty,

Sic vita est, plena fortunae et incertitudinis,

For as much as things are, so much are things, always for humans.

Nam quam sunt res, totidem res sunt, semper hominibus.

But if we have good morals, and fortitude,

Sed si bonam indolem habeamus et fortitudinem,

Then we can make our lives worthy of memory.

Vitam dignam memoria efficiemus.

CIII

Language of The Gods, Lingua Deorum

Latin, tongue of gods above,
Latina, lingua deorum sursum,
So concise, a language of love,
Ita concisa, lingua amoris,
A structure rigid, but so pure,
Structura rigida, sed pura,
With shared tables, each word endures.
Cum mensis communibus, verbum unum manet.

The movement of words, a simple feat,
Verborum motus, actus simplex,

Into new words, they quickly meet,
In verba nova, cito se connectunt,
Each root and stem, with meaning clear,
Radix et caudex, significatione clara,
No ambiguity, for all to hear.
Nulla ambiguitate, ad audiendum omnes.

Though some may find the verbs archaic,
Quamquam verba priscum plerisque proboscum,
The tense precision is truly basic,
Temporis praecisio simpliciter est,
From past to present, and future yet,
Praeterito, praesenti, futuroque,
Latin's conjugation is a true asset.
Coniugatio Latina magni valoris est.

Oh Latin, so much to behold,
O Latina, quantum est mirandum,
With power and majesty, untold,
Cum potentia et majestate insonda,
The language of scholars and wise,
Lingua eruditorum et sapientum,
With history and culture that never dies.
Cum historia culturaque numquam interiturus.

So let us embrace this tongue divine,
Ergo hanc divinam linguam amplexemur,

And learn from its grand design,

Et ex eius magno structura discamus,

For in its compactness, we see,

Nam in eius concinnitate videmus,

A beauty that's meant to be.

Quod pulchrum esse destinatum est.

CIV

Teaching and Listening, Docere ac Audiens

I try to teach, to reason clear,

Doceo et clare ratiocinor,

But sometimes minds just will not hear,

Sed saepe mens non auditur,

I shine a light on issues dear,

Lumen iacio super rebus caris,

Yet still they push away, with fear.

Tamen pellunt eam metu proparis.

I carefully explain and show,

Explicare atque ostendere cura,

But they resist, and barely know,

Sed resistent, parum sciunt pura,

The gravity of what I share,

Gravitatem rei quam defero,

The knowledge that I try to bear.

Scientiam quam nitor ferro.

Their minds are closed, their hearts unkind,

Clausae mentes, corda duriora,

A wall of ignorance, they bind,

Ignorantiae murum construunt fortiore,

And though I strive to break it down,

Et quamvis temptem eum diruere,

It seems my efforts just rebound.

Conatus meus frustretur saepe vere.

Yet still I try, with all my might,

At perseverabo totis viribus,

To shed some knowledge, bring some light,

Ut cognitio fidei fit diutius,

And though it seems a fruitless task,

Et quamvis difficilis res,

I hold on to the hope that lasts.

Spe mihi firmior accres.

For even if they only hear,

Nam et si modo parum audiunt,

A tiny bit, a whisper near,

Veritatem promovemus et cognoscunt,

It's still a step towards the truth,

Gradus est ad veritatem,

And that's a victory, forsooth.

Victoriam tamen postulatem.

So I will keep on shining bright,

Itaque lumen feriam clarum,

And teach and reason, with all my might,

Et docebo et ratiocinabor propinquum,

For though it may be slow and tough,

Nam quamvis difficilis et lenta res,

It's worth it, for the hearts we'll snuff.

Effort opus magnum est.

CV

Clear and Concise, Clara et Succincta,

Language clear and concise,

Lingua clara et succincta,

A necessity that does suffice,

Necessitas, quae sufficit,

For communication to unify,

Ad communicationem unificandam,

And bring people to the same supply.

Et homines ad idem locum deducendum.

With language, we express and explain,

Per linguam, exprimimus ac explanamus,

Ideas that we can share and maintain,

Ideas quas possumus communicare et conservare,

A common ground that we can stand,

Terra communis, quam possimus occupare,

And reach out to others, hand in hand.

Et ad alios tendere, manu in manu.

But language can also disagree,

Sed lingua etiam dissentire potest,

A path to resolve, before we decree,

Via ad resolvendum, antequam statuamus,

A way to solve, before it's done,

Modus ad solvendum, antequam fiat,

And find a path where all can come.

Et viam inveniendum, qua omnes venire possint.

So let us use this tool with care,

Ergo, hunc usum diligenter colamus,

And make sure our words are fair,

Et verba nostra esse justa curamus,

For with clarity and brevity,

Nam cum perspicuitate et brevitate,

We can build bridges and unity.

Pontes et unitatem aedificare possumus.

Language is a gift, a powerful tool,

Lingua donum est, et potentis est instrumentum,

With it, we can break down the walls,

Per eam, muros destruere possumus,

And bring people together, as one,

Per eam, muros destruere possumus,

To make a world that's bright as the sun.

Mundum tanquam sol clarum efficiamus.

CVI

Transferring Whole Beauty, Transferre Tota Pulchritudo

What I want to grasp, it seems impossible,

Quod capere volo, videtur impossibile,

Like chasing wind, or trying to catch a bubble,

Ut sequi ventum, vel capere bullam habilis,

And what I try to show, it moves like smoke,

Et quod ostendere tempto, movetur velut fumus,

Elusive and fleeting, it's hard to provoke.

Elusivum et fugax, difficile est provocare.

It's something that's in the eye of the beholder,

Est aliquid quod in oculis spectantis est,

A beauty that's felt, but hard to shoulder,

Pulchritudo quae sentitur, sed difficile est ferre,

It's a feeling that's beyond words and art,

Est sensus qui ultra verba et artem est,

A connection that lies deep in the heart.

Coniunctio quae in corde profundo est.

How best may I convey this beauty I find,

Quomodo possum exprimere pulchritudinem hanc,

With just these little words, the task seems unkind,

Tantum paucis verbis, difficilis est mihi transcribere,

But I will try my best, and use every skill,

Sed enitar, et utar omni arte,

To describe the wonder that leaves me still.

Ad mirabilem talem describendam qua me continet.

It's in the way the sun sets over the sea,

Est in modo quo sol mare occidit,

Or how a flower blooms in front of me,

Vel sicut flos coram me oritur,

It's in the laughter of a child at play,

Est in risu pueri ludentis,

Or the colors of the sky at the end of the day.

Aut in coloribus caeli diei finientis.

It's in the kindness of a stranger's face,

Est in amabilitate faciei alieni,

Or in the embrace of an old friend's embrace,

Vel in complexu veteris amici,

It's in the moments that touch us deep,

Est in momentis quae nos penetrant,

And in the memories that we'll always keep.

Et in memoria quae semper conservabimus.

So though it may be hard to capture and hold,

Itaque, quamvis difficile sit capere et tenere,

The beauty that we see and feel unfold,

Pulchritudinem quam videmus et sentimus,

We'll keep on trying, with every little word,

Enitabimur, paucis verbis,

And hope that in our efforts, it's somehow heard.

Et speramus in nostro conatu audiri.

CVII

Radio Station Heart, Cor Statii Radiophonicae.

My heart is like a radio,

Meum cor instar radiophoni,

Tuned to only receive from you,

Tantum ut a te recipiat,

Every beat a signal that flows,

Quotidie signalia ut fluant,

Through my veins, pure and true.

Per venas, pura et vera sint.

But lately, all I hear is static,

Sed nuper nihil nisi strepitus audio,

And I'm left waiting for your call,

Et te exspecto clamans humiliter,

The silence makes me feel so frantic,

Silentium me perfidum redolit,

I'm lost and can't find my way at all.

Errans sine meta in magno flamine.

I'm waiting for the final signal,

Ultimum signalium te exspecto,

Hoping to hear your voice once more,

Precans ut iterum audiam vocem tuam,

To bring me out of this dark tunnel,

Qui me ex tenebris in lucem reducas,

And guide me back to the shore.

Et ad oram cum tibi redeam.

Can't you hear my plea, my love ?

Numquid me non audis, amata meus ?

My heart's signal is weak and frail,

Cor meum debiliter palpitas,

But I'm holding on, like a glove,

Sed spero, sicut columba exsultans,

Waiting for your love to prevail.

Amorem tuum me recreaturum.

So send me that sweet transmission,

Ergo, dulce transmittit signum,

Let it travel across the air,

Caelum per et aeris spatium,

And fill my heart with your affection,

Et meum cor a tua potestate impletur,

So I may know that you still care.

Ut certum sit adhuc te amari.

For my heart is like a radio,

Nam meum cor instar radiophoni,

And without you, it's just static noise,

Sine te fit strepitus et chaos,

But with your love, it's a symphony,

Sed tuus amor harmoniam facit,

A song that fills me with such joy.

Carmen laetitiae et amoris plenum.